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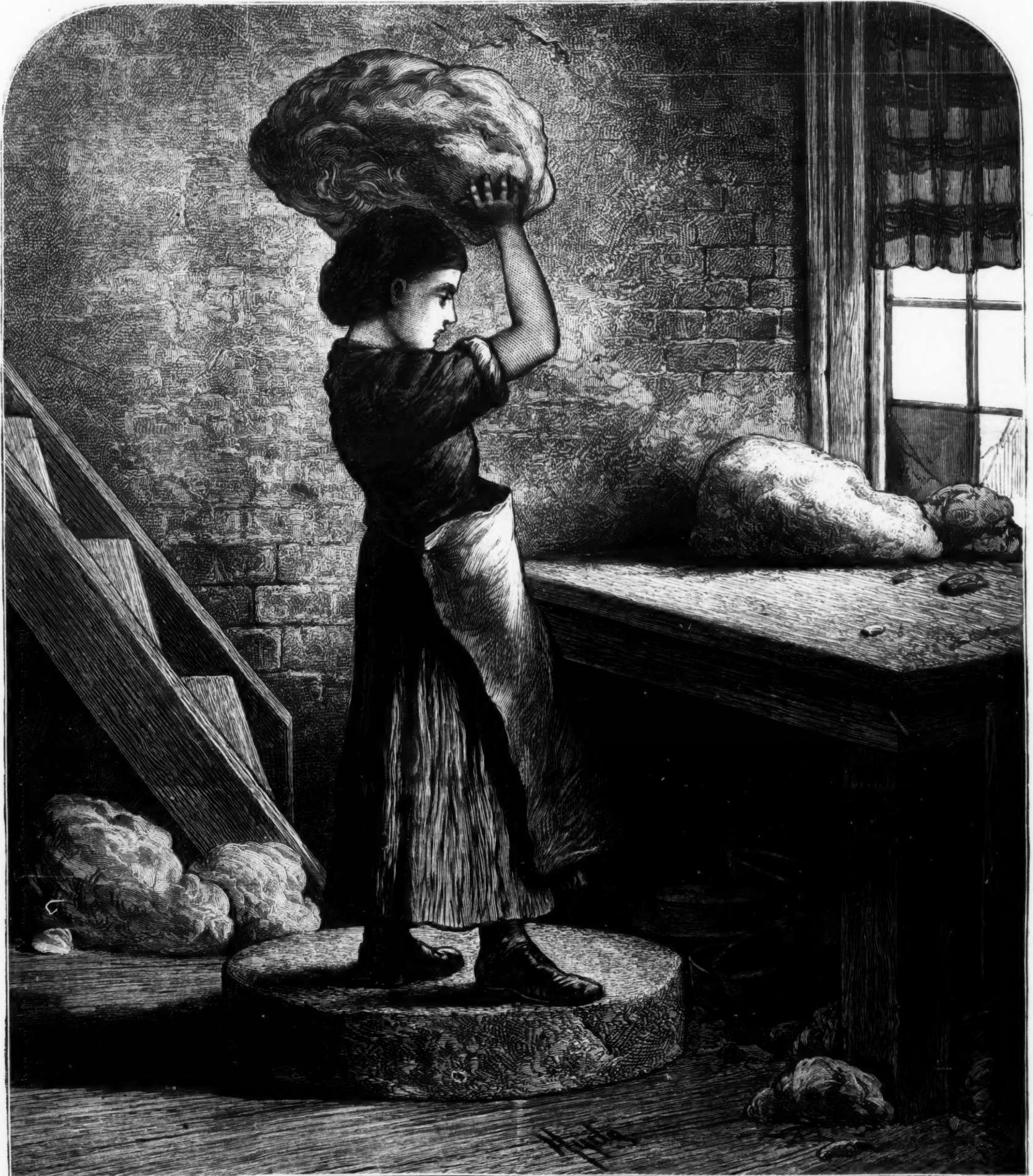
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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IN THE POTTERIES.

GIRL THROWING LUMP-CLAY TO DRIVE OUT THE AIR—A SCENE AT TRENTON, N. J.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 294.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

637 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 9 1875.

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"WANTED, A POLICY."

THIS advertisement appears as the head-line to leading editorial articles in Republican journals everywhere throughout the country. What surprises Republicans is, that there are as few answers to this advertisement as there are to the one asking for the recovery of Charley Ross. The reward is sufficiently large, but nobody has the article demanded. This exhibition of party weakness is ridiculous and contemptible, as much so as if a century-old skeleton should advertise for flesh and blood wherewithal to clothe itself. If there is no Republican policy, there is no excuse for Republican existence. The time was, that when the brains were out the man was dead; and no clerks rolling in the Senate or House or Customs stores can atone for that which is not.

There is but one party in this country that can perennially exist without a policy, and that party is the Democratic. The latter comes into power to rule the country, without any capital in trade, whenever the party of "higher law," of "irrepressible conflict," of "moral agitation," of "war measures," of "intelligent mission," happens, by reason of a panic in the policy market, to be in a minority. It goes out of power whenever a great policy sentimentalizes and elevates the ordinary voter, so that, from temporary enthusiasm and respect for himself, he feels compelled to strengthen the minority and give it power. We fear that before the Republican Party can discriminate between power and policy it must go into retirement, begin on first principles, and work itself into a formidable opposition. Policy cannot be made in a moment by the conjurations of a caucus. Policy makes the party; and the party will find it impossible to create a policy out of hand. As if a sloughed lobster-shell on the beach could fill itself with meat!

It is plain to us that the many little picayune policies of the Republican Party do not constitute one comprehensive policy that attracts the confidence of the people. On the contrary, they compel the dislike of individuals; party leaders and party followers are opposed to one another on every petty question that arises. For lack of a large policy small questions become prominent, and men who were once thought to be great become little on ever-recurring little occasions. Thus we see Mr. Carpenter, who is equal to words of commanding statesmanship, standing on the floor of the Senate revealing his personal habits by saying that he cannot return his back-pay, even if he wanted to; and if he is personal himself he cannot blame the press for being personal. Thus, too, we see General Butler, who once made speeches that men thought would make him President, leering at the reporters' gallery, and occupying the time, for which the people pay him money and honors, in replying to a three-line nonpareil paragraph in yesterday's paper. The truth is, that policy is dead, and that every man who was once great on great occasions is trying to gather the shreds of his old toga about him for a respectable shroud. So long as he saves himself, policy may go to the devil. We advise the friends of Mr. Blaine who believe that one blast upon his bugle horn were worth a thousand men, that he will have great trouble in calling the Republican cohorts together on the floor of the House without a policy to animate them withal. Can he touch Butler on the shoulder and compel him to know as much of Massachusetts intelligence as he knows of Gloucester prejudice?

Can one single speech make Dick Parsons the originator of a plan for popular, and not alone for personal, finance? We fancy Mr. Blaine as a medium in the House of a night when the lights are turned down and he is calling for a policy for his party; but there are none of us so credulous as to believe that the Butlers, the Dawses, the Negleys, the Garfields and the Maynards are the Butlers, Dawses, Negleys, Garfields and Maynards of other and better days. Ghosts of their former selves they may be, but only unsatisfactory ghosts, passing in solemn file across the stage and accusing themselves with being without a policy.

THE FINANCE BILL.

THE effect produced on even the diabolical temper by serious sickness has already passed into a maxim, and the same maxim informs us that good intentions do not outlast recovery. The Republican Party, or, rather, its leaders, at present afford a beautiful illustration of the first half of the old saw that tells us how, "when the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be." We suppose no one will deny that the *Times*' Washington correspondent spoke, with perhaps unaccustomed frankness, the exact truth, when he told us the other day that the Bill of the Senate caucus for the resumption of specie payments never would have seen the daylight if the Republican Party had not been so badly beaten in the last elections. All during the weary half-year of the last session of Congress the better Republican newspapers, from Chicago to the Atlantic seaboard, were besieging Congress to do something towards resumption; but their suggestions, warnings and entreaties were entirely in vain. Congressmen thought they knew better than the able editors did what the country needed, and what the people demanded, and accordingly they passed two Bills, one of which, though really sure to produce contraction, was intended to produce inflation, and another, which, though nominally a contraction measure, in reality authorized expansion. In such a maze of ignorance, indifference, folly and stupidity was the Republican Party involved on the eve of an election which was to prove very nearly a life-and-death struggle.

Since that election, however, the Republican representatives have seen new light. They interpret the signs of the times very differently. Gentlemen who were sure that the people did not care a "tinker's dam" for the currency question are now convinced that in dealing with this question lies the only hope of salvation for the Republican Party. Other gentlemen, who were certain that what the people wanted was "more money"—individually and collectively—are now prepared to admit that perhaps the people do not think much about the matter, and are willing that the "hard-money fanatics" may try their hand at doctoring the patient, who, they confess, is desperately sick, and for whom they do not think they can themselves do anything more at present. As for the gallant little band led by Senators Jones, Sargent and Chandler, and followed by Sherman and Conkling, they are only too glad to try the remedy which they have long felt was the only one worth trying.

From this change of sentiment and opinion results the Finance Bill agreed to by the Senate Republicans in caucus. To our mind the Bill, though sharply assailed, and in many respects justly so, is likely, if passed, to restore the currency of the country to a specie basis. And this result may be anticipated from two features of the Bill. One is, that it pledges the country distinctly to the payment of the Government notes after the lapse of four years. Such a pledge, once made, cannot be readily withdrawn, repudiated or broken. It enters at once into the fabric of the national credit. It becomes a part of the security for the fulfillment of all sorts of contracts, public and private. It enlists on the side of specie payments a large and influential class of interests that have hitherto been either indifferent or hostile. The violation of the pledge becomes of the utmost consequence to all business men, to bankers, importers, dealers in imported goods (either raw materials or manufactured), to investors, and to all parties to long contracts of whatever nature. Every day that passed after the solemnization of the pledge by the signature of the President would make it more and more difficult and dangerous to break it. It may be reasonably said that it would be almost impossible to break it.

The second feature of the Bill, which may be relied on to make it operative, is the fact that it provides for a steady and great reduction of the Government notes as compared with the bank notes. Bank notes, by the law of June, 1874, are redeemable in legal tenders, and machinery far more efficient than is generally supposed is established in the Bureau for that purpose at Washington. The operation of that Bureau has been much discussed and misunderstood. But it is really very simple. The banks send five per cent. of their circulation in legal tenders to the Bureau. The Bureau exchanges these for the notes of the banks, new and old. It then replaces the old notes with new ones, and sends the whole amount back to the banks, which have to supply an equal amount of greenbacks a second time, and to repeat the operation as often as required. The net result is the same as if the banks paid out greenbacks, dollar for dollar, for their notes

over their counters. Now, when the greenbacks, by the reduction of their comparative value, become more valuable than the bank notes, a steady redemption of the latter becomes not only probable, but almost certain. Possibly this operation may wind up some national banks. If they are unsound, it will do so; and if they are unsound, it ought to do so. But the tendency of the process is to make the bank notes as good as the greenbacks, and the greenbacks as good as gold. And the beauty of this arrangement lies in the fact that though Republicans set it up for the same reason that "the devil a monk would be," they cannot back out of it as his Satanic Majesty did when "the devil a monk was he."

AMERICAN CHARACTERISTICS.

A STATESMAN of no mean reputation for skill in legislation and ability in debate writes to ask us whether "such an inquiry as you propose for American character, habit and history would not be superfluous labor that might be more advantageously employed in practical good? If theory should rule, have not wise and special principles of government been formulated by all minds? Does John Stuart Mill's theory of wages not extend to America? And, if we go into clouds, shall we hear any more melancholy wailing than comes from Rousseau? I doubt that the recklessness of a flatboatman on the Mississippi or the fastidiousness of the blue-spectacled Bostonian make it any the less the duty of the legislator to follow the dictates of his own unbiased judgment and the teachings of practical statesmen."

Nevertheless, what we said last week is true. What we repudiated was guess-work theory in historical writing; and we asked that some able mind should undertake the work not merely of narrative, but of ascertaining, by a thoroughly experimental method, what are the ruling principles in American life. Our correspondent, narrowly, underestimates the influence of animal life and of social peculiarities legislation. Ten "reckless flatboatmen" may evolve a Senator; a blue-spectacled Bostonian, with his "fastidious" training may write an article which will defeat or elect a powerful Congressman. A skillful politician, like our correspondent, may handle incidents as they occur; but incidents none the less have their causes and effects; and if some philosopher should study them out for us, telling us their meaning as well as their shape, our legislators would be made wiser. Had the New England of twenty years ago no influence on the practical legislation of to-day? Let us see. Our correspondent may soon be called upon to debate the question of a commercial alliance with the Hawaiian Islands—perhaps of territorial annexation of those Islands to the United States. For many years English politicians have had great power over the councils of the Kamehamehas, and would have given an English protectorate to the Islands, but for the fact that long ago American whaling-ships took half the town of New Bedford and set it down at Honolulu. To-day, if you would discover the simple unchanged New England coast customs of twenty years ago, you will look for them vainly at New Bedford and Newport and Nantucket; but you will find them, educational, mechanical and domestic (even to the making of a genuine pumpkin pie), in the capital-village of the Kanakas. The New England whale-fishers, with their sober and simple customs have had a restrictive influence upon English ambition, backed though the latter was by a royal marriage. Is this fact of no value in legislation? Why, the theory of it was anticipated by Burke in 1775, when, in a splendid panegyric on the victorious New England whalers, he wished to "pardon something to the spirit of liberty."

Any statesman who will read Mark Twain's "Old Times on the Mississippi," in the January *Atlantic*, will discover the characteristics of that race of people, and the motives which governed the movements of those who are the master-spirits of the Nevada silver mines and the custodians of Pacific Slope legislation. The modern Carthaginian was bred on a Mississippi flatboat, and we poetically call him an Argonaut of '49. Did Mark Twain ever notice that the Southern bred adventurer seldom succeeded in California alongside the Northern-trained adventurer; that success was recklessly jolly, and seldom chivalrously tropical? It is all the difference between "Bill" Sharon and "Colonel" St. Clair, between John P. Jones and "Joaquin" Miller, between the sadly successful "Fool of Five Forks" and the never successful "Flynn of Virginia." The reasons may not always be plain, but we want somebody abler than we to find them. General principles of philosophy do not always explain them. No other people possess them exactly as we do. For instance, the philosophy taught by example in the history of Mississippi boating is not the philosophy taught by the lethargic navigators of the Holland canals. The further West we go the more singularly characteristic is our civilization. Somebody, we think it was the *Nation*, once said that civilization does not really exist west of Cleveland, O. But Eastern civilization is strongly affected by Europe; uniquely American civilization lies in the Mississippi Valley; Connecticut has gone to upper Ohio; Vermont has settled in Wisconsin; New York has colonized Illinois. St. Paul is more Ameri-

can a city than New York. In the West you find very little of that sentiment which in the East melts itself into love for "the mother-country," and calls England and America "one people." And it is in the West that America must be most profitably studied.

THE GHOST BUSINESS.

A FEW weeks since and the ghost business was unusually active. Two prominent establishments for the manufacture of ghosts—the firm of Eddy Brothers, at Chittenden, Vt., and that of Holmes & Holmes, at Philadelphia—were working to the utmost of their capacity. It was difficult to say which was the most popular with the ghost-consuming public. The Chittenden factory turned out more ghosts in the course of a week than did the Philadelphia firm, but the latter was generally admitted to deal in a finer article of ghost. The Eddy ghosts were miscellaneous in their nature, and almost every person could find among the large variety of assorted ghosts manufactured at Chittenden something that would please him, temporarily, at least. There was, however, an undoubted superiority of workmanship and finish in the Philadelphia ghosts, and persons who had tried the "Katie King" brand assumed to look down upon those who patronized the Chittenden ghosts as persons of uncultivated taste, who would be incapable of appreciating a really fine article of ghost, should they see it.

At the recent period referred to, "Katie King" was unquestionably the fashionable thing in ghosts. She was always to be seen at the séances of the Holmeses, and she disdained to follow the usual ghostly fashion of only showing her face or hand at a cabinet-window. On the contrary, she generously walked out of the cabinet and conversed with her mortal visitors. Among these was Mr. Robert Dale Owen, who had not a doubt as to her ghostly character. He repeatedly touched her—going so far on one occasion as to put his arm around her waist—the spirit of Mr. Owen's wife not being present. "Katie" was equally tender in her conduct towards him. Once she kissed him on the forehead, and Mr. Owen felt that the Mohammedan legend of the hours of Paradise had a substantial basis of truth. He wrote a full account of his acquaintance with "Katie King"; suppressing nothing, neither setting down aught in malice, except when he mentioned the sneering, supercilious beast who asked to be permitted to kiss the spirit. This account he sent to the *Atlantic Monthly*, in the pages of which it had just appeared, when all at once a prying investigator discovered that "Katie" was a commonplace mortal named Mrs. White, who had been hired by the Holmeses to personate a ghost, and who had trifled with Mr. Owen's most sacred emotions and ruthlessly pulled his sparse and venerable hair over his aged eyes.

It seems very strange, now that the fraud is exposed, that any person should for a moment have believed in the ghostly character of "Katie King." She was concealed in the recess of a boarded-up window, whence she entered the room and walked into the cabinet while the light was turned completely out. The trick by which she seemingly melted into nothingness was performed while the room was so dark as to make it impossible to distinguish anything more than the outlines of her form, by slowly drawing a piece of black cloth from her feet towards her head. Equally simple were the remaining tricks, which convinced Mr. Owen that she was not an earthly woman. A professional conjurer who should have insulted his audience by such transparent trickery would naturally have been hooted off the stage.

The result of this exposure has been to ruin the reputation of the Philadelphia ghosts. No ghost manufactured by Holmes & Holmes will hereafter be admitted into any respectable spiritual circle. The Eddys, with their cheap and popular ghosts, now have a monopoly of the market, and if they will only add a thoroughly refined and tasteful ghost to their catalogue, they will be sure of a large and steady custom from old ghost-fanciers.

They must, however, make hay while the ghosts shine—as many semi-phosphorescent spirits are said to do. The opponents of the ghost trade, flustered with their victory over the Philadelphia ghost-makers, will soon be upon them. It is reasonably certain that if the Chittenden ghost factory is kept in operation, the manner in which the ghosts are produced will soon be discovered. If they are merely personated by one of the Eddys, that enterprising young man will some day find himself in the arms of two or three strong investigators, and making rapid but involuntary progress towards the nearest open window. There will not be the slightest sympathy felt for him, and he will find that the mildness with which Mr. Owen has treated the deluding "Katie King" will not be imitated by the men who have been mocked by the tricky ghostmakers of Chittenden.

That the discovery of the particular trick by which the Eddys make their miserable living is close at hand is altogether probable. Whatever else may be true of spiritualism, the claim that spirits are "materialized" is exploded for ever, by the discovery of the fraud practiced by the Holmeses. There may be phenomena produced by mediums such as Slade and Foster which deserve investigation, and which so far defy explanation, but the busi-

ness of producing dead men and women at the window of a cabinet is henceforth to be classed as jugglery. Those who pretence it, and who trade upon the passionate longing of mothers to see their dead children, and husbands to see their dead wives, are guilty of a revolting blasphemy against all that is holiest in humanity. They should not be permitted to go unwhipped of justice when detected. The Eddys must know that they are now treading upon dangerous ground, and unless their detection occurs within a very brief time they will virtually confess judgment against themselves by closing their ghost factory, and undertaking some less dangerous branch of the spiritualist business.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

THE EVENING POST, which is no mean judge of art, republishes in a supplement our portrait of William Cullen Bryant. Mr. Browne knows a good picture when he sees it.

KATIE KING, the sweet spirit who heard the prayer of Robert Dale Owen, is a real live widow with one mother and one child. Owen, didn't we always tell you to beware of the vidders?

A PURELY INTELLECTUAL NEWSPAPER, without advertisements, is asked for by Mr. Dana, the editor of the *Sun*. The *Herald* thinks that news and advertisements should go hand in hand. No doubt the success of a newspaper that could do without advertisements would be something curious in American journalism. With 200,000 circulation, the *Sun* could do without its advertisements. But with 115,000 it cannot do without them.

THE BEECHER-TILTON CASE is so far resolved into this aspect: That Mr. Beecher is innocent until he is proved guilty, and that Theodore Tilton has, with the aid of trivial circumstances, a great imagination, although he is not essentially a great creative artist. Latterly Mr. Beecher seems to have taken the offensive, and Mr. Tilton has made no statement by which it can be estimated that he intends to fight it out on paper.

STOKES has been in prison a long while. He wants a pardon from Governor Tilden. Apropos of Stokes, Mrs. Stokes was said to be pining away ethereally of grief, incidentally because he was a felon, and mainly because he went with Mansfield, isn't pale and peckid worth anything, but is wearing good clothes and substantially sailing along the brick pavement of life. Such is human nature; and such is pale and peckid woman—in, say, about five weeks after a fellow goes up.

AN ASSOCIATION composed exclusively of gentlemen regularly engaged in literary work has been formed in New York City under the title of The Scribblers' Club. A very convenient suite of rooms was found at No. 22 East Thirteenth Street, and possession was formally taken on Saturday evening, December 19th. Nearly all the daily and weekly newspapers, and the magazines published in New York, are represented in the membership; and a large number of literary celebrities has been proposed for election at the regular monthly meeting to be held January 2d. The Club rooms will be a favorite resort of journalists, both for social reunions and quiet literary work, the doors remaining open until two o'clock each morning. Joseph Howard, Jr., is President, and Henry Leslie, Treasurer, of the Club.

THE SPOOK BUSINESS is not going to be so much as it was to be. Since the Catherine King dénouement took place, most of us are satisfied to partake of the humble benefits of this tame cold-water life. We had hopes that some medium could recall George Washington to administer the Government of the United States, and that Dickens could be brought back to Gadshill to finish "Edwin Drood," or that Bill Poole could be got into good spirituelle fighting trim to take a bout with John Morrissey. But our hopes are dashed, not to say dashed. We no longer take any spirits in ours. As Oakley Hall would say, this is all Owen—but we are no punster, as Brutus was. We no more sing "Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer;" but content with such material beings as Matt. Carpenter and William Worth Belknap and Kalakaua, we wait for the Beecher-Tilton trial.

MURAT HALSTED, of Cincinnati, seems to be the one American journalist who has any idea of the immense influence of cities upon the politics, the health, the civilization, the corruption and the government of the country. While our great New York dailies are discussing general principles of government, and are criticising persons, Mr. Halsted is showing by special studies in municipal science that our great grievances are mainly local, and he has entered upon a subject to which this journal has given considerable consideration. As Mr. Halsted shows his genius for this sort of discussion, we advise him that the field is a broad one, and that he has only entered upon the edge of it. When he gets half way into his subject he will discover how great an effect it has upon the evils which have befallen the country. Other statesmen have thought that because there is a certain likeness in the good and evil which exists in many localities that the causes must be general. So they are, after a fashion; but the motor-power is always to be found at home, and mainly among small, ignorant politicians.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT went to Europe last week on his annual excursion. Since last Spring, when he returned from Europe, he has made many important changes in the "intellectual department" of the *Herald*, important mainly because eighty thousand subscribers are affected by any changes that may be made in that journal. Mr. T. B. Connerly remains the executive head. Mr. Charles Nordoff is the commentator on national legislation from Washington; though he has not yet made any remarkable splurge. Mr. John Russell Young is the principal writing-editor in New York. Mr. Ivory Chamberlain, formerly the leading writer of the *World*, now gives his amplifying pen to stern affairs of state for the *Herald*. Dr. George W.

Hosmer is home, writing blunt and caustic criticism. Mr. John D. Stockton comments coolly and judiciously on the latest night news, walking the rope of journalistic policy with the equipoise of a Blondin. Mr. George O. Seilhamer occasionally springs upon the *Herald* readers a startling surprise of ideas that make the mild bounce, though his ecclesiastical training makes him tantalizingly conservative, and his paganism too infrequently has its normal play.

THE ONLY AMERICAN TRADESMEN who are doing much business are those who are dealing with foreign markets. Our small exportations are the present salvation of the country. In the same line of business you will find two merchants side by side, the one who has American markets doing nothing; the one who has foreign markets doing considerable. A Boston writer tells us that the large manufacturing corporations are receiving large orders for Africa, China, India, and South America. One mill, in Lowell, has been running full time, the last month, on drills for the India trade. The foreign markets that have had the monopoly almost of furnishing these large outlying districts are falling off in their orders, while American goods are demanding attention, and receiving liberal orders. During the past month one house in this city has sold 10,000 packages for export, a remarkable instance and a sufficient commentary in itself. The lowest prices for our manufactured goods have been reached, and a reaction is now certain. With a population of over forty millions, and an export demand for our principal products that cannot be overlooked or counteracted, there is nothing to hinder a healthful and profitable trade, except in the imagination of those who are always seeking for some reason upon which they can excite the fears and the prejudices of the people. It is true, nevertheless, that we have run too much to machinery and products, but the evil is remedying itself. The check on foreign imports and the depression of our railroad securities abroad form a combination that will equalize our foreign credits. The drygoods credit of Boston never was better, and where deficiencies and exceptions occur, they are outside the legitimate trade, and are confined to speculators.

KING KALAKAUA, monarch of the "Toy Kingdom," has seen a very democratic people; and, since he has been compelled to keep company with gentlemen who are more remarkable for good cheer than for any honors they have earned in literature, trade or science, it is fortunate that the dusky David is a hail fellow well met. He learns from New York how to open skillfully a bottle of champagne, and to carry with habitual ease a case of high-colored aromatic cigars, and thus fulfills an aldermanic speaker's invitation to come unto us, and be "informed." The King, however, is something more than a good fellow; and we are glad to see that he does not readily unbend his graceful dignity. He is every inch a king—learned in affairs of state, and having an acquaintance with much good literature. England's coming King is no better educated. Germany's Crown-Prince has no deeper an insight of political science. The eldest son of the Czar is no wiser a prince. And it is no invidious remark to make, that Secretary Fish is no more courtly a gentleman than this "Kanaka king of the Cannibal Islands." This prince, with the twilight complexion, does not stand as an easy and ignorant Man Friday unto any august Crusoe of us all. We fear that he may leave New York without learning where Washington Irving is buried, and whether the library (!) in the City Hall is much frequented by statesmen who read the works of Livingston and Wheaton and Binney. For the King himself is acquainted with the best that we have written, and the noblest that we have taught; and, thanks to a Divine Providence who smiles on coral strands as well as upon the gin-mills of Second Avenue, nothing can suppress that better knowledge of us that the King received in his own lava-covered island.

THERE SEEMS to be a rage for reminiscences. We have noticed several volumes of that kind recently. This, of course, has very much encouraged the possessors of middle-aged MSS. to publish them. The latest venture in this line is a work entitled "Autobiography of Mrs. Gilbert," or, to use her maiden name, Ann Taylor. She was the sister of Isaac Taylor, whose "History of Natural Enthusiasm" was so popular fifty years ago. The most interesting facts we gather from these two volumes are, that in her "Nursery Rhymes" there appears the well-known poem of "My Mother." Although not altogether unknown to the present generation, we will give one verse of this once popular poem:

"Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother."

And, in addition to this wonderful piece of childish rhymery she was also the authoress of verses we all have heard.

"Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Seated so high in the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

This poem is chiefly remarkable as being the original of a parody by that brilliant artist, Bellevue, who, in the *Lantern*, thus satirized the police:

"Tiddle, tiddle, lazy star,
All men wonder where you are;
But the thieves know you're found
At the corner grocery 'round."

The success of a poem is always to be found in its repeated parodies; and we question if any doggerel verse has ever been more parodied than the lines we have quoted.

DURING 1874, the most remarkable phase of American history has been the antagonism of the press and the politicians. The Government has now hardly more than one able journalistic exponent, not of its views, but of its excuses. The *Times*, of New York, is really one of the most independent newspapers in the country; and strictly Republican journals in the provincial cities are engaged in local discussions, with the exception, perhaps, of the Chicago *Tribune*, which, under Mr. Medhill's new management, began as an excuser,

and has glided into the office of a counselor, and will soon be a critic. The ablest journals of the country, we may say all journals of any ability, are fiercely opposing the Administration. We are sorry for this fact, because no administration ever started with so much newspaper popularity. Sometimes we think it lost newspaper support through purely absurd complacency and political stupidity. No doubt the newspapers have committed errors. No doubt fourth-rate, ignorant, supercilious and dirty Bohemians have criticised politicians unjustly. We think, for instance, that General Butler, though wrong, is not half so black as he is painted. Still he is a little darker than a dirty white. There are many other politicians who have been ignorantly and maliciously abused. But the politicians, on the average, have been more than half wrong. They have been wrong, in a selfish sense, in not recognizing the political power of the press. They have been wrong, in a moral sense, because they have done foolish, corrupt and mean things, a multitude of which might have been covered up by a little policy, but all of which ought to have been exposed. In this fight, the press will win. It is united. It grows faster than the politicians grow. It is nearer to the people. And in trying to make politicians pure it is bound to be somewhat pure itself.

DR. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, once leader of the Oxford Tractarians, and prettiest writer of the Church of England, went body and soul into the Roman Catholic Church, and is now known as "Father Newman." And a great man is he; no literary man of this century writing a clearer, warmer, sweeter style. The London *Examiner* says that "the main determining cause of Dr. Newman's Catholic tendencies appears to us to be the brilliant imagination which peoples his mind with ideals of beauty and majesty, combined with his accidental propensity to derive these from medieval periods and the Catholic Church. To resort to the past for the ideal loveliness apparently denied to the present, is one of the most ordinary of instincts; when classical antiquity has been the enthusiast's chosen refuge, it has often been the cause or the symptom of a bitter animosity to Christianity." It is useless to speculate whether Dr. Newman's poetical and romantic inspiration might have waited him had he been born a few years earlier or later, or received his education elsewhere than at Oxford. Twenty years sooner, he might have been one of the Lake Brotherhood; twenty years later, he might have run the career of a kindred but far inferior genius, Mr. Froude. Into whatever part he might have played he would have carried his devotion to ideal beauty in a concrete form; if a Liberal, he would have invested Liberal ideas with the poetry which is their birthright, but of which they are not unfrequently defrauded. He must, however, in this case, have parted with one of his own most subtle fascinations, the unuttered melancholy, perceptible but indefinable as the first breath of Autumn, of a lofty and tender spirit out of harmony with his age. This is perhaps the most exquisite endowment of a style that lacks no other—the perfect prose of not the most impassioned, or massive, or gorgeous of our modern writers, but the one exemplar of classical precision to whom nothing can be added, and from whom nothing can be taken away. Restricted as they are, these selections yet afford a fair idea of Mr. Newman's versatile powers, his fire alternately flashing and repressed, his taste chastened but not austere, his felicitous choice of picturesque figures and incidents, the harmony of his periods, the ingenuity of his advocacy, his polished irony and withering sarcasm. The compiler's object, however, seems to have been less to exhibit Dr. Newman than to recommend the Church of Rome, and he has shown much ability in adapting his selection to the end of the view. Commencing with autobiographical confidences, whose gentle charity and transparent candor must disarm the most prejudiced, he conducts us step by step, without ever losing his hold upon our sympathy, until we find ourselves interested unawares in such outrages on healthy human feeling as Mary's immaculate conception, and listening with gravity to the assertion that she was exempt from all bodily infirmities.

SAMUEL BOWLES, editor of the Springfield *Republican*, and an acute observer, is studying politics in Washington. He discovers, what is of great worth, coming from such authority, that there is clearly a political panic among the Republicans. The President so far as anything he says or does indicates his knowledge or feeling, has no idea that anything has happened to him. The White House is intact and serene, proposes no compromises, yields to no advice, will hear of no temporizing, and, if it did dream of a third-term for itself, is dreaming of it still. He has a quality that baffles opponents and almost defies fate. The prevalent feeling, like that of the crew of the leaking boat on the sea, is that something has got to be done, and that with profane quickness. Were the President and Cabinet and Congress in accord, something could be done. The opportunity to restore the Republican Party to the faith of the nation never was more apparent. The means are abundantly obvious. All that is lacking are unity and courage, with leadership where leadership can only be useful and powerful. Speaker Blaine says the dreadful "independent press" did it. Secretary Delano believes that if "the country press" was looked after, there might be hope still. Another high official, even with the fate of the *Republic* before him, wants to set up an organ in New York, and still another is yet anxiously inquiring if the *Tribune* cannot be won back to its organic potency. There are plenty of men, however, both in the Cabinet and in Congress, who know well enough what the matter is, and are ready on their part to apply the remedies. If the President would intrust the discovery and enforcement of a policy to Vice-President Wilson, Secretaries Fish and Bristow, and Postmaster-General Jewell, to Senators Sherman, Schurz, the Morrills, Connecticut Ferry and Washburn, and Representatives Blaine, Dawes, Garfield, Judge Hoar, Hawley, Indiana Wilson, and the like, we should see the old ship righted in less than thirty days, the spirit and intel-

ligence of reform, so long lacking, dominant, and the problems of 1876 wellnigh settled in advance. For the Democrats are so missing their opportunity and shirking their responsibility as to open wide the door for Republican reorganization and restoration. They offer no policies or suggestions of reform. Certainly there is little to hope from an organization so narrow and selfish in its comprehension of our politics, so lacking in patriotism, so ruled by partisanship. The worst of it is that, even on such a low plane, they have a good prospect of carrying the country through the continued demoralization of the Republican Party, and the obstinate inability of President Grant and a portion of his associates to see and seize the means of that reform which secures retention of power. The despairing prognostications of the most intelligent independent observers here are that the Republican Party will not be reformed in power—that, between its divisions and mistakes, the country will be given to the democracy in '76, even on their present platform, and be taken back again quickly, two or four years later, only by which time will the country be able to free itself from the present party dominations, and have grown up to the era of real administrative reform. Manipulation of the Southern States from Washington has been a failure.

CONTEMPLATION.

BY
HUGH F. McDERMOTT.

THE bright waves leap
Across the steep,
And in the deep are lost for ever;
If I must sing,
My hopes take wing
Through shades of gloom, returning never.

O soul oppress!
Where is that rest
For which I crave, and pine, and sorrow?
Where is that beam
That, in a dream,
For ever shines but for to-morrow?

The flocks of air
And spectres bare
Lay cold and withered hands upon me;
And joy's sweet sound
Goes round and round,
Beyond my reach, to mock and shun me.

Does my God know
The weight of woe
I daily, hourly suffer under?
Are hearts oppress'd
Ne'er to be blest
Till every chord is rent asunder?

This cold, sad earth
Gave me not birth,
For all around is strange and gloomy;
The eyes I meet
I fear to greet,
For in the air there's danger to me.

The words of men
Affright me when
In moods my spirit soars above me;
And oft I try
To crush a sigh
For those I love—for those who love me.

From main to main
The world's wild strain
Is painful to my wakeful senses;
And in my blood
There is a flood
That down would sweep on man's offenses.

My star is set,
My eyelids wet;
Upon me falls the night eternal;
My struggling breath,
Half born of death,
The soul would free from chains infernal.

O star of night!
Why shine so bright,
Since near thy splendor I cannot be?
Why mock my gloom,
My living tomb,
With so high and radiant thoughts of thee?

Do thy pure beams,
That fill my dreams,
And lead me up to realms supernal,
Do they, O star,
Shoot wide and far
Into all space that is nocturnal?

Far, far away,
On tombstones gray,
Oblivion dreads thy light creeps over;
Dark, sad and prone,
Crushed, bound, alone,
Around thee still my soul must hover.

My thoughts I turn
To thoughts that burn
And tremble and glow, to seize the proof
And reason why
We live to die;
But reason and proof stand far aloof.

We move along
With life's dull throng,
Wrapt in the mysteries of the world;
The more we climb
To the sublime,
From heaven the soul is deeper hurl'd.

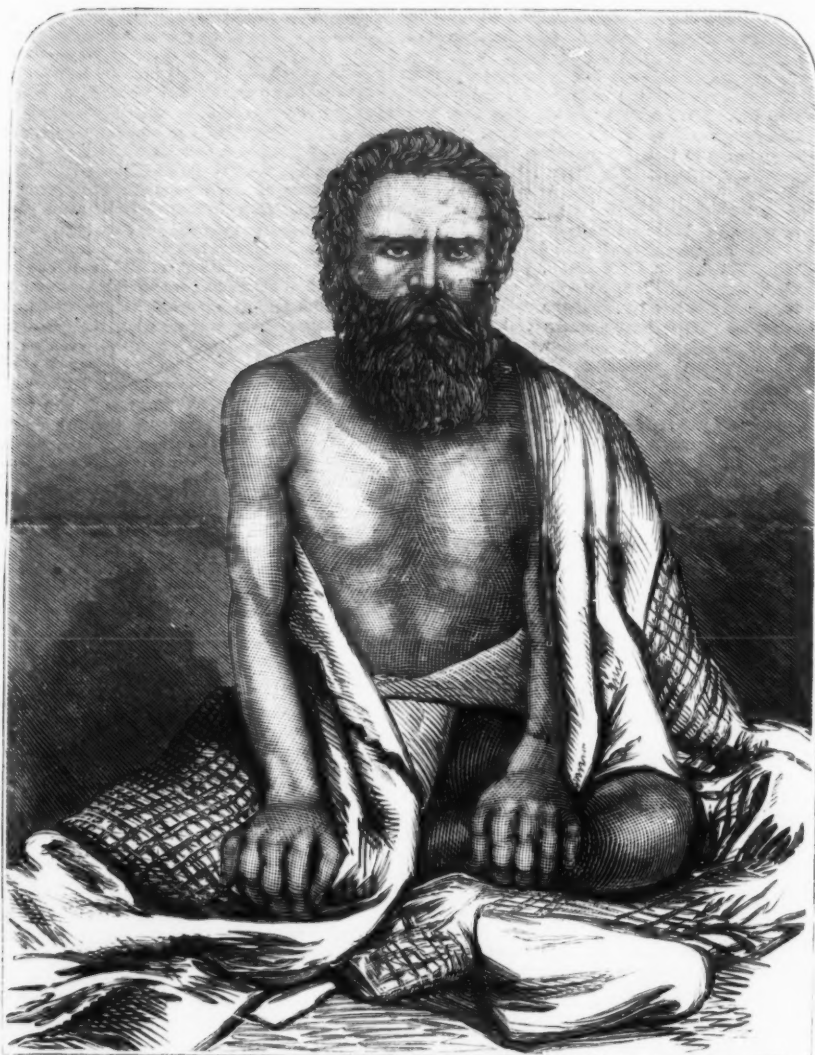
In souls a-lull
The light burns dull;
No fires consume the peaceful breast;
But thoughts at strife,
With this dark life
Supply the flames that never rest.

We turn the eye,
And wonder why
Cities are built and toil is endless;
We look aghast
As swift years pass;
Cities are dead, and graves are friendless.

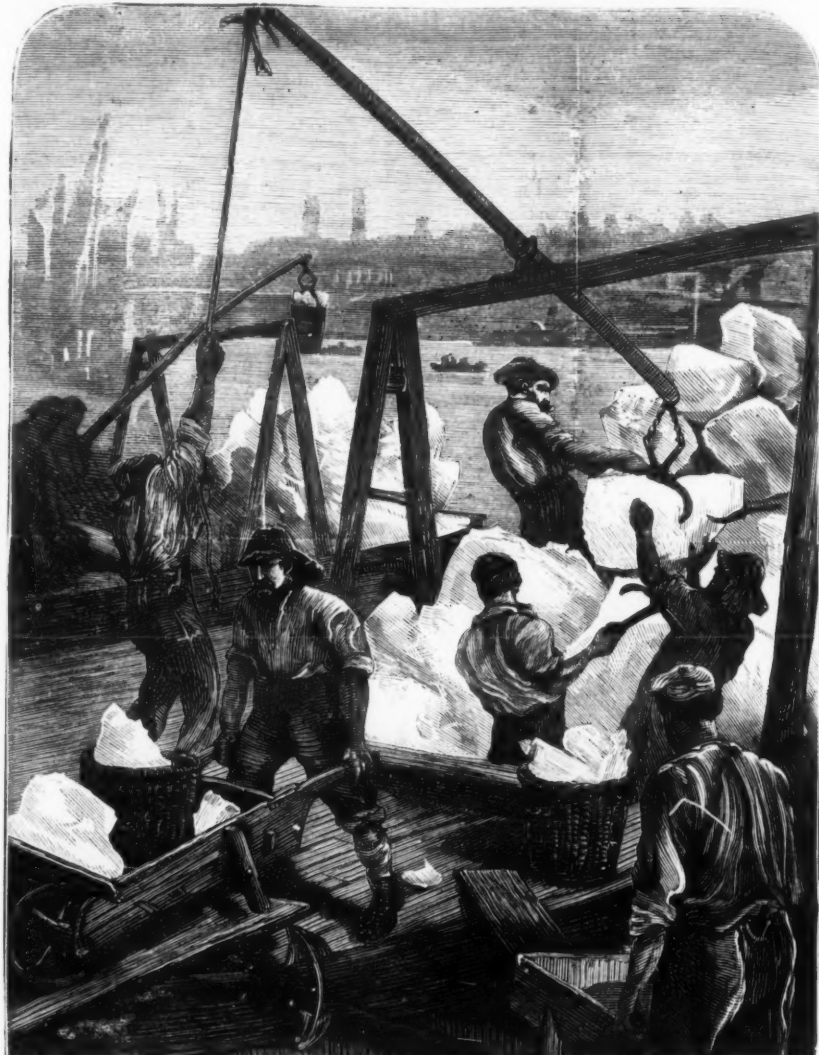
O weary soul!
Where is the goal
For which you long and pine and sorrow?
Where is the star
That shines afar,
And cheats you ever in the morrow?

If man is born
This world to scorn,
And still to give the senses ease,
Some sphere above,
Some realm of love
Must Hope's keen appetite appease.

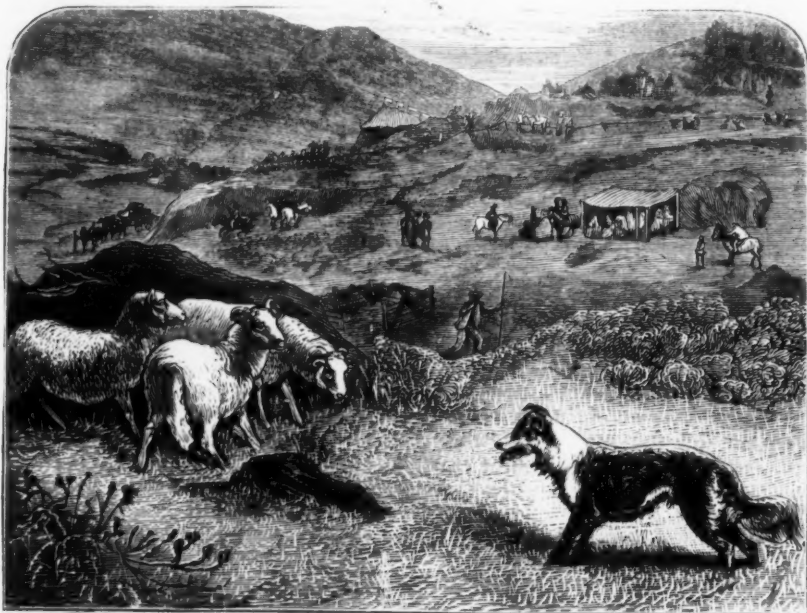
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 295.



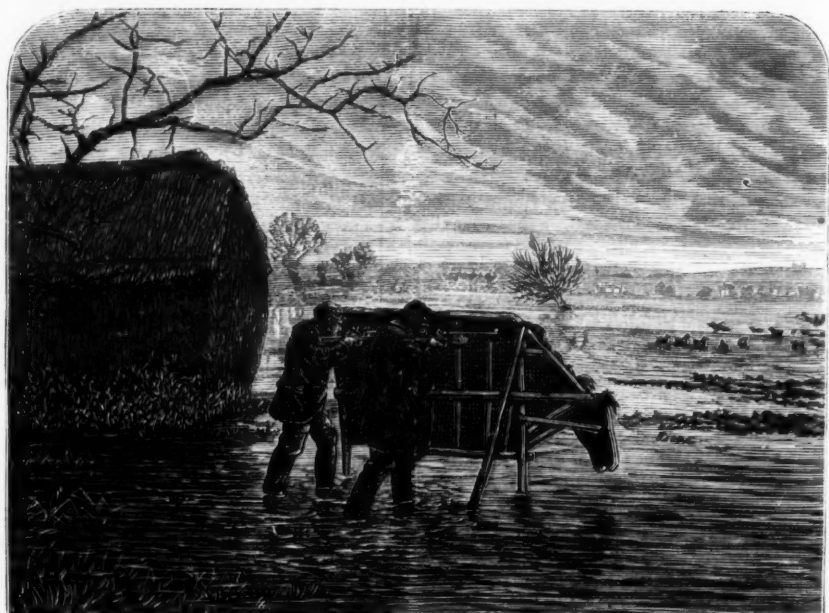
INDIA.—THE PRISONER WHO IS SAID TO BE NANA SAHIB, AUTHOR OF THE MASSACRE OF ENGLISH IN 1857.



ENGLAND.—LONDON.—LANDING ICE FROM NORWAY.



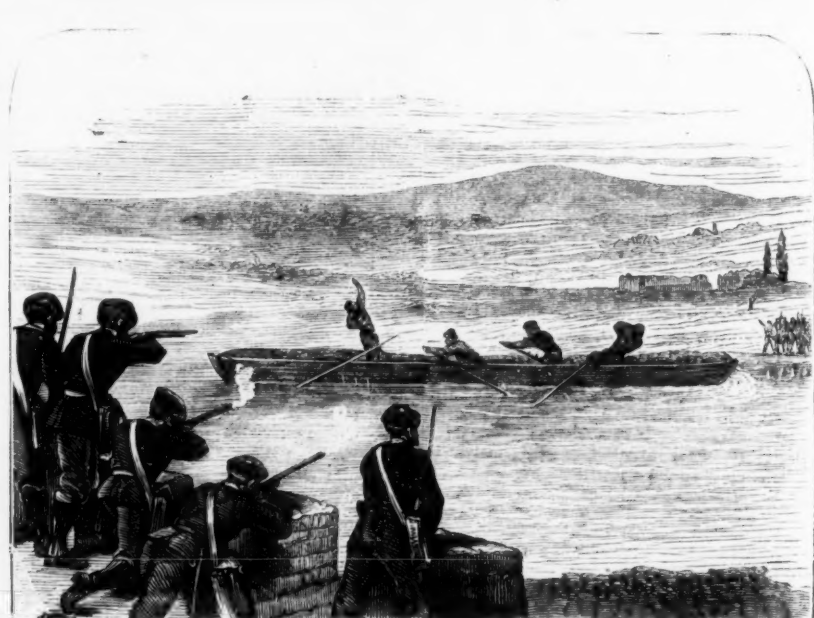
WALES.—NATIONAL TRIAL OF SHEEP-DOGS AT BALA—FENNING THE SHEEP.



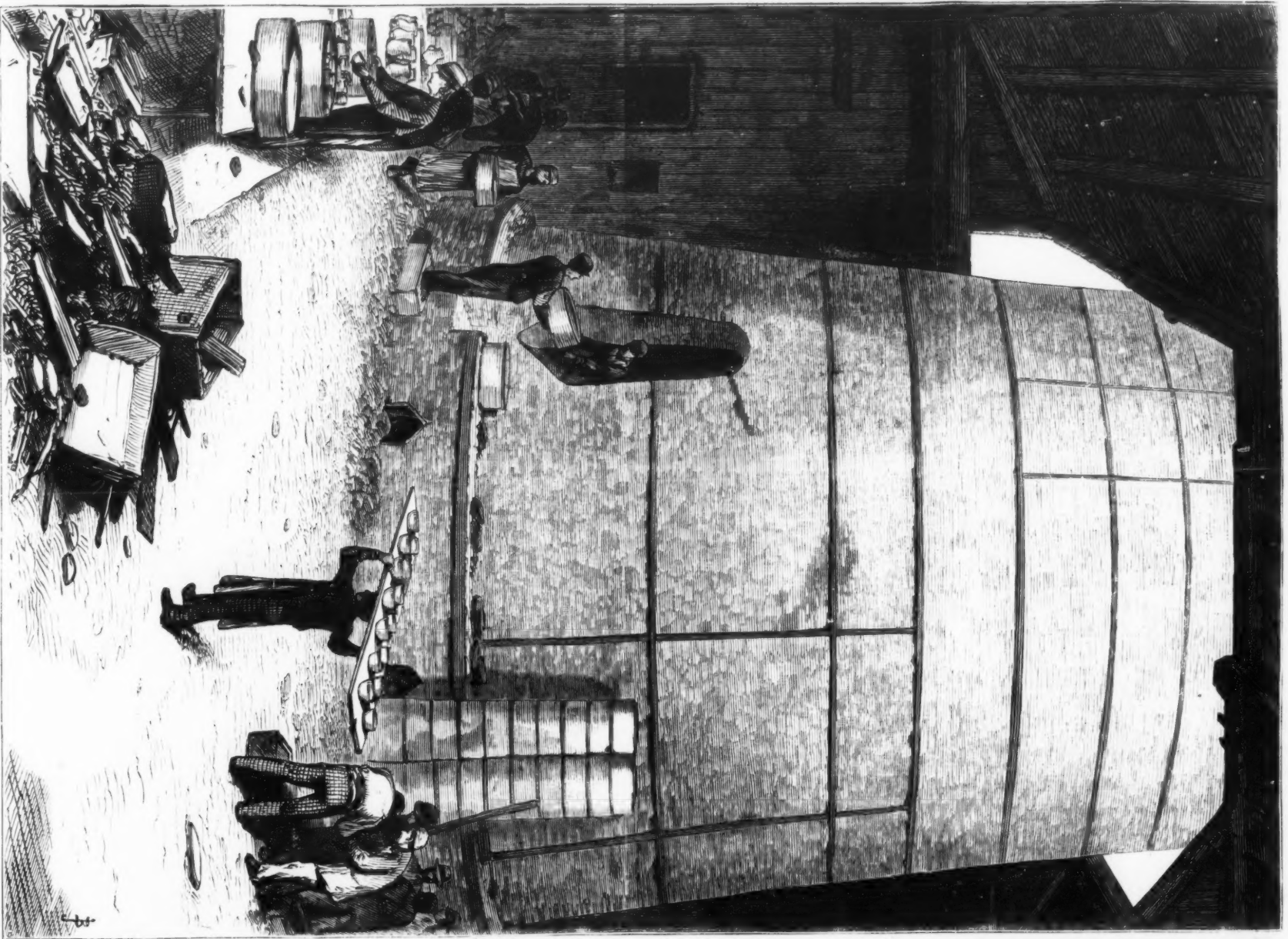
ENGLAND.—THE AUTUMN SHOOTING SEASON ON THE UPPER THAMES—THE STALKING HORSE.



SPAIN.—CIVIL WAR.—ADVANCE COLUMN OF CARLISTS ON THE MARCH TO CARASCAL.

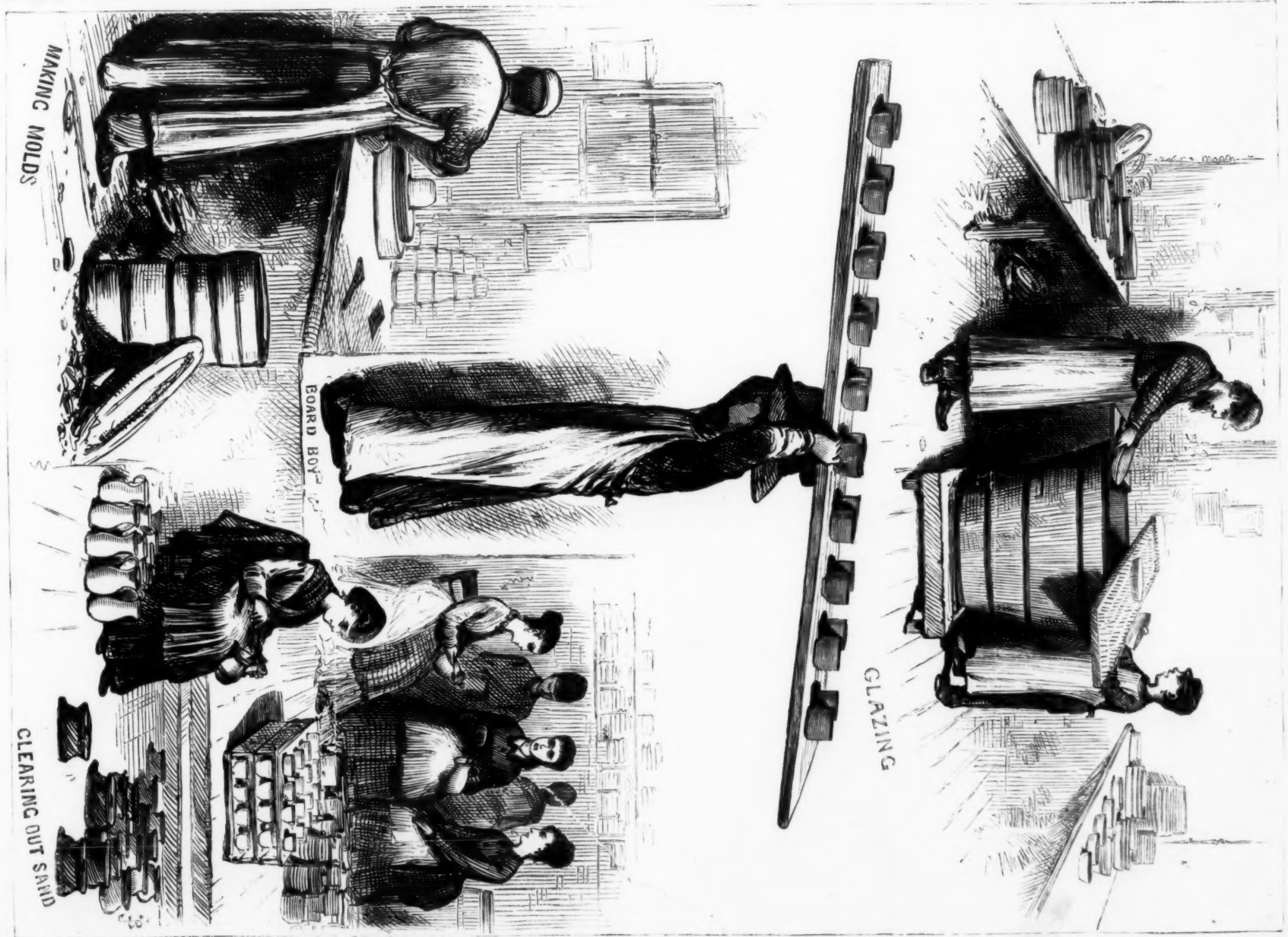


SPAIN.—CIVIL WAR.—CARLIST ATTACK ON BEHOBIA—A RACE FOR LIFE.



FILLING THE OVENS.

IN THE POTTERIES, SCENES AT TRENTON, N. J.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 294.



POTTERY PROGRESS.

DRIFTING.

BY
ALEXANDER LAMONT.

DEEP glow'd the liquid amber West,
All flock'd with many a changing bar,
White floating on the stream's still breast,
We waited for the evening star.
The water-lilies gently sway'd
Upon the ripples' rise and fall;
And clearly came from out the glade
The blackbird's rich exultant call.

We drifted in the closing light
By sedge bank and flowery dell;
We heard soft voices in the night,
The peasant's song, the vesper-bell;
The low sweet laugh that came and went,
With power to fix some after fate;
The farewell o'er the meadows sent
Back from the dear old trysting gate.

I gazed into her eyes divine,
And fed my spirit with their glow;
She laid her little hand in mine,
And sang a song of long ago;
A song of love and truth and tears,
A song of parting and of pain;
Of faces bright in bygone years
That never would be so again!

O floating lilies, fair and white,
Your sisters round our shallows' prow
Smiled on us through that glowing night—
But ye are wreathed with sadness now!
O thrush, singing midst the glow
That glides the gates of closing day,
You sweeter sung one year ago
Upon your cherry-blossom'd spray!

I see the swallow dip his wing
Upon the ripple of the stream;
I hear the mellow blackbird sing—
Yet all is hollow as a dream;
For I would see a fair young face,
And find that love within her eyes
That to my being lent the grace
I never could take from earth or skies.

Here is the dell of sunny hours,
With still a glory in the west;
I'll stay and breathe the fairest flowers
Where we in olden times did rest.
But, ah! I find where Heart's ease grew
There blooms the little Flower of Pain;
Yet, if there's naught for me but Rue,
She'll change it when we meet again.

THE

Doom of the Albatross.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL IN THE WILD MARCH
MORNING," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.

A COLD damp northwest wind was blowing over the level low-lying lands of the coast, and the acres of bare plowed earth, gray stubble-fields, and squares of dull-green meadow-land, with their trim treeless hedges, looked, as the shades of night began to gather over them, like a pall, mingling with the mists of the stormy German Ocean and the darkness of lowering rain-clouds, more hopelessly monotonous, more depressing of aspect—if that was possible—in their model farming utility, and remunerative ugliness, than they did in the day-time; and I, the most forlorn of weary travelers, was being carried along that bleak coast-road in a vehicle, which in polite parlance was termed a phaeton, but which always irresistibly reminded me of what I had once heard described in an old song as a "shandrydan." The personal miseries of cold damp leather cushions, and cold, rugless foot-board, with all the other minor discomforts incurred by locomotion in the Wymondstowe carriage, were suffered unheeded by me as I sat doubled up in a sheltered position, my body wrapped in one shawl, my feet in a second, and my head in a third, whilst the weary monotonous miles went on and on, and the night began to close in. I was returning to Wymondstowe—to my "home," where I lived on sufferance for the sake of my thirty-five pounds a year; I was returning to take up the gray web of my life there, and commence the weary warp and weft afresh, with all the golden threads, which had begun to form so brightly, torn away.

"This time last night I was at Meadsham," I reflected; "this time two nights since I was walking with George up and down the garden-paths in the warm misty moonlight." The air was heavy with dewy fragrance of fruits and flowers, the white night-moths were flitting gayly through the shadows, and the bats circling around the thick ivy on the orchard-wall.

"There is going to be a change, Gwendoline," he said, looking up with keen, practiced eyes to the dark-blue aerial depths of the sky, and the great silver shield of the moon glimmering dull through an enwreathing halo of luminous mist.

"I dare say," said I, pointedly, smiling and shrugging my shoulders.

His honest eyes, puzzled, gazed at me for a moment, and then sparkled in a proud, happy smile.

"But it's in the moon the change is," he said, gayly, "not in my 'faire ladye' or—or—my love for her." George's voice always sank to an embarrassed whisper over any sentimental confession, in sight, I suppose, of the mocking doubt affected in my face.

"Your 'faire ladye' is all moon-shine, too, you foolish boy!" I retorted, impatiently; "at least if you refer to me by that most inapplicable title."

"Well, my 'dark ladye,' then—my 'nut-browne mayde,'" he persisted, tenderly trying at the same time to insinuate a big, strong arm coaxingly around my waist.

"Nonsense, George!" I said, sharply, pushing him away; and murmuring something about the dew being so heavy, I gathered up my muslin skirts carefully, and sauntered off towards the house, leaving George gazing blankly and disappointedly after me.

"Gwendoline, Gwendoline, won't you wait a moment—won't you wait a moment?" he called, entreatingly. But I only laughed, and walked on.

This pretense of indifference to his feelings, which I oftentimes affected, was a kind of salve to my own morbid sensitiveness, which ceaselessly suggested that all too well did my young lover know how great was the depth of my womanly tenderness for him.

But now—now, when the old garden of Meadsham, with the moonlight and the roses, and the

grassy orchard walks, and George Allan, and the first and last folly of my youth, were all left behind me for ever—now, oh, how I wished I had not acted so on that last, last happy evening! Oh, George, darling, how I wished I had not! It was all past and gone and done with for ever now, and I was going home to Wymondstowe to spend the few remaining years of my youth, and the twenty or thirty remaining years, perchance, of my existence, as I best could.

"An' heer we be, miss!" called out old Simon. "An' it wur a good job for 'e that I wur at Oggleswhite—surely it wur."

"Oh—ah, Simon, here we are sure'y at Wymondstowe. Yes, it was a good job for me you happened to be at Oggleswhite Station, or I should have had to spend another day away from Wymondstowe—and how sad that would have been!"

But my keen-edged irony was completely lost on my worthy charioteer Simon. Beyond a grunt of approbation for my *perci* sentiments, he made no reply, and, opening the rusty lock of the ponderous yard gate with some difficulty, he left me to find my way across the barn-yard to the faint glimmer of light which indicated the whereabouts of the kitchen-door. The front entrance to Wymondstowe was rarely used—I believe because of economical reasons regarding the best door-mat in the hall.

Towards the distant glimmer of light I therefore groped my way cautiously, yet not so cautiously but that I stumbled. At length I arrived at the door, my endeavors to unlatch which aroused a frightful chorus of yells and barks from the throats of the fierce, hungry house-dogs within, in which noise my knocks and requests for admittance were quite inaudible.

I heard my aunt Sophia's voice shouting angrily at the dogs, and in much the same tone shouting angrily to know who was at the door. I tried to answer, but the yelping of the great shaggy, blindfold, half-savage dogs Ulf and Olaf, which were kept at Wymondstowe solely for their murderous instincts towards tramps, beggars, gypsies, and all strangers, rendered my reply a second time inaudible. So—sullenly enough—I waited silently in the darkness and chilling rain, which had begun to fall, until Simon, having dispensed of the phaeton and horse, came to the rescue.

"Can't 'e make 'em hear ye, miss?" he inquired, rather compassionately. "Them wrastlin' beasts o' dogs make such a noise surely!" and, taking my place at the inhospitable portal, he applied his mouth to the keyhole, and his horny knuckles to the door with right good will. "Missus! Heigh! Let us in, will ye? Heigh, missus!" he bawled. "It's me, missus!"

After a delay of a minute or so came the harsh scolding of the dogs in the same loud, unmusical voice, and then a huge key grated in its rusty lock, and my admittance within the walls of my home was happily an accomplished fact.

"Missus, 'tis Miss Gwendoline—here's Miss Gwendoline come home, missus!" Simon said, looking inquisitively from my face to my aunt's to discover how this unexpected news was likely to affect her.

For it was my aunt Sophia who was portress at the kitchen-door—my aunt Sophia, in the coarse, dark winsey dress which she had worn winter and summer for three years, with the red kerchief pinned about her sailor throat in lieu of the vanity of a white collar.

With the small flickering lamp held aloft she surveyed me for a few moments with a surprised, suspicious stare ere she spoke.

"Gwendoline! What on earth—Did you get my letter?"

"Yes, aunt," said I, wearily resting against the kitchen-table, and looking about vainly for the sight of either fire or food. "I got your letter, and acted upon your excellent suggestion that I should leave Meadsham at once."

Her lined brow wrinkled yet more deeply, and her severe lips compressed themselves at the sarcasm in my tone, but either the fact of Simon's being present, or a certain maddening stolidity in my face and manner, caused her to defer all cross-questions and explanations for the present.

"You had better come up-stairs, and take your supper there at once, Gwendoline," she remarked, coldly. "Your supper is in the table-drawer, Simon; be ready for the prayer in ten minutes."

We had reached the topmost step of the steep flight of kitchen-stairs, when Simon's voice was heard hailing us.

"Missus! I say, missus! Have 'e left 'e'er a bite o' cheese to a man after a matter o' fifteen miles to Oggleswhite an' back?"

"Cheese, Simon!" questioned my aunt Sophia, reproachfully and angrily. "What can you mean? Have you not bread—three large slices of bread—and meat, and beer? And you want cheese also!"

"The beer's my own matter, missus, as 'e know well," responded Simon, coolly; "an', as for the meat, ye needn't mention it—'t isn't worth it. Have 'e a bite o' cheese, missus?"

"The extravagance and enormous appetites of the lower order of the people are a source of greater surprise to me every day!" my aunt Sophia exclaimed with mournful severity. "As if any one could accuse me of not providing an ample supply of wholesome food for my household! The poor, miserable, perishing body, with its dainty humors, and its dainty fancies, and its dainty stomach!"

I was accustomed of old to hear these keen taunts—accustomed to listen to the dignified wrangling which occurred so often between the mistress of the house and her servants on the subject of their rations of food; so I listened without much interest to the colloquy that ensued between my aunt and surly, faithful Simon, who had served the Wymonds of Wymondstowe, boy and man, for more than forty years, on the subject of cheese.

"He made me cut a piece of the new cheese for him!" said my aunt, bitterly, as she rejoined me. "Such servants! Who else would put up with them. I wonder?"

But I, knowing that my aunt knew perfectly well that no servants but Simon and his sister Jane would put up with her, wisely held my peace.

"We took supper some time ago, but I can get you some in a few minutes, Gwendoline," my aunt Sophia remarked, as we entered the sitting-room; and then, finding I did not refuse, she sighed audibly.

"Here is Gwendoline back again," she said, addressing the other members of our pleasant family circle; and she sighed once more as she slowly produced from the buffet two meagre slices of bread, a scrap of cold bacon, a spoonful of pickled cabbage, and a glass of queer, blackish-hued table-beer; whilst I, advancing to a huge black armchair like a sarcophagus, with cold, black, shining hair-cloth covering, at one side of the diminutive dying fire, extended my hand to its occupant.

"How are you, grandfather? Here I am again, you see," I said, as a withered, pale, puckered face with keen, dark sunken eyes was raised towards me.

A faint, half-smiling smile flickered over the shriveled features and in the black twinkling eyes as he surveyed me sharply.

"Hey! Tired of gadding, Gwendoline, eh? Tired of gadding and husband-hunting, Gwendoline, eh, eh? You're very smart—very fine—eh? But you

haven't got a husband yet, lass, eh, eh!" And my grandfather chuckled pleasantly as he saw my face flush angrily.

But, as I was accustomed to be greeted with this agreeable little taunt on each occasion of my wearing a new dress, or returning from a visit, I took no further notice of it.

"How are you, Aunt Louisa?" I said, turning to another huge black armchair on the opposite side of the hearth, and from the tomblike shadows of which another white, wasted face—but a much younger one—looked up at me—a woman's face—a forlorn, faded face, with wisplike, untidy bands of faded fair hair pushed off the hollow temples, large, melancholy faded blue eyes, with red, sunken eyelids and scanty lashes—a face pitiful in its faint suggestions of a bygone, faded out, wept-out beauty, as were the wasted long white throat, the attenuated limbs and skeleton-like hands, and even the attire, with its hopeless efforts to attain to prettiness and smartness—the scanty old blue gown with its badly-put-on founce, the patched and darned pink jacket, fastened with a frayed embroidered belt. There seemed to pervade face and figure alike a mourning spirit of a lost, blighted youth, of a "might have been" in fair young days—oh, so long, long ago.

I had noticed this often throughout my life, with a hopeless matter-of-course indifference towards the sickly, fretful, hysterical, half-demented woman whom no one thought of loving or fearing; I noticed it to-night with eyes more unused to the sight of the mute forlorn figure, with perceptions and sympathies keener to note suffering and loneliness.

"How are you, Aunt Louisa? I am sorry to hear you have been so ill," I said, as cordially as I could.

She drew her hand away from me with a querulous moan.

"Ill, indeed! I have been ill," she said, half crying. "Oh, how cold your hand is! What a dreadful cold night it is! And the fire is so small. Sophia, the fire is nearly out. You might have more fire for Gwendoline to warm herself—she is as cold as ice."

"Gwendoline is going to her bed in a few minutes," my aunt Sophia rejoined, magisterially. "It is time for the fire to be out at ten o'clock, I suppose; but you can renew it, if you please, you know, Louisa."

This remark alluded to the interesting fact that, both my aunts, like myself, being obliged to contribute a certain sum towards the housekeeping expenses from their own small private fortunes—inherited, like mine, from their mother and my grandmother—any extra expense desired by either was to be met with from her own funds.

It was my aunt Sophia and my grandfather who had concocted this arrangement between them, and she declared it to be perfectly just and equitable one. She found it to be a pleasant and profitable one also with reference to herself, I believe, for she upheld the noble system of rigidest economy on all occasions; but poor Aunt Louisa, grown miserly and money-loving from sheer force of example and lack of anything else to love, nevertheless had several instinctive desires towards a few creature-comforts and little home-pleasantnesses, which years of parsimony and misery had not been able to subdue.

"A cup of tea, Sophia? Ain't there a little tea left in the pot? Couldn't you warm a cup of tea for Gwendoline, Sophia? She's so cold!" she persisted.

"Oh, no, thank you, Aunt Loo," I said, sitting down before the inky beverage in the tumbler.

"Louisa, please be silent," rejoined my aunt Sophia, folding her hands devotionally over the portion of Scripture which she had selected; "don't you see Gwendoline is eating her supper heartily?"

It was quite true; having eaten nothing for ten hours, sheer hunger was compelling me to devour my dainty repast to the last crumb.

Aunt Loo looked pitifully at me as I picked up the shreds of pickled cabbage, and drained the last drop of the cold small beer; but, as Miss Wymond commenced in a Scriptural paraphrase to call upon all saints, and denounce all sinners, her younger sister was obliged, with a few peevish murmurs, to subside in silence into the depths of her sarcophagus-chair once more.

I had reached my bedroom, shut the door behind me, and, sitting down on the edge of the hard, narrow mattress which formed my couch, was staring dreamily at the low-burning lamp and the shadows on the bare, dingy wall, too utterly depressed and weary and heartsore even to think, when my door was cautiously opened, and to my great surprise, my aunt Louisa, muffled in an old cloak, and shivering miserably, came in on tip-toe, with an air of mystery, and, shutting the door softly behind her, exclaimed:

"Oh, Gwendoline, I know you're hungry, and I've brought you a bun—such a nice bun, with currants and candied peel! I get them sometimes," she said, looking half frightened; "they're very expensive—twopence-halfpenny a piece—but I am so often ill, and I can't eat the stale bread, Gwendoline—I can't, indeed—and so, lately, I have got Simon to buy some of these when he goes to Oggleswhite. Mrs. Cheyne, the baker, sells them; and here's this nice one for you. Poor dear, I know you're dreadfully hungry—your face is so white, Gwendoline, and your lips are quite blue!"

"Oh, I look a pretty creature, I know well!" I said, sardonically. "Thank you kindly for your bun, Loo; but I could not eat a morsel—I feel choking."

"It's hunger!" cried Aunt Louisa, excitedly. "I feel choking sometimes, Gwendoline—my poor throat aches so, and feels swollen; and when I eat a bit of something nice it goes away. Oh, won't you eat a bit of the beautiful fresh bun, Gwendoline? And—look here!"

From numerous paper wrappers she produced a black bottle with carefully waxed cork.

"It's some of the wine I had last year when I was so bad with neuralgia," she whispered, solemnly. "I have only drunk two glasses of it since. It is so terribly expensive, you know. Here is a glassful for you, Gwendoline. It will make you nice and warm—it is such a beautiful cordial, you know—this fine, golden sherry. What a pity it is so expensive, isn't it? Three-and-twopence for that bottle! So terribly expensive!"

I took the wine gladly, for I felt faint and ill.

"Thank you, Louisa," I said, drinking it off so hastily that she retreated in some alarm, and began to replace the bottle in its paper wrappings; "I am much obliged for your kindness, and I will pay you for your wine."

"Indeed you shall not!" said my aunt, flushing with the pleasure of her magnanimity.

The refusal of the sixpence which I tendered for my draught was as generous and self-denying in her as if a Rothschild had declined a thousand pounds' interest on a loan.

"Sophia ought to have got you some tea—she ought indeed," my aunt Louisa rambled on, plaintively. "Sophia never gives us a cup of good tea,

and I can't afford to pay any more, nor—nor you, I suppose?"

"I neither can nor will," I said, shortly. "But you are so beautifully dressed!" Aunt Loo went on, reproachfully, fingering my braided serge traveling-dress as she spoke—"you've always such nice clothes, Gwendoline!"

"And, instead of spending my money on them, I should give it my relatives—that's what you mean, I suppose?" I said, looking up at her in bitter scorn. "Aunt Sophia has been making remarks on my extravagance already, I dare say?"

"She only asked me did I notice that beautiful scarlet silk tie you have on, and the jet pins in your hair," responded Aunt Louisa, in some confusion.

"Ah, well, you will see my scarlet silk tie and jet pins no more, Louisa. You and Aunt Sophia shall be perfectly satisfied with my attire for the future. I have an old gray linsey gown and black apron in which I shall pass the rest of my days as long as the gown and apron hold together; and, if my relatives think that my long black hair is vanity, I will dispense with that also, and cut it off close behind my ears."

"Oh, no, don't, Gwendoline!" cried poor Louisa, with a look of dismay. "Linsey and a black apron! It's no harm for you to wear a nice collar or ribbon, I am sure, dear. You are young and nice-looking. You looked very nice and ladylike to-night when you came in, dear—indeed you did; and—and—you might get married, you know," said poor Aunt Louisa, with a melancholy little attempt at jocoseness; "somebody might make you a good offer—they might, indeed. What do you think? Mr. Caldwell has inquired for you twice; and you know what he said about you before. I really think—and so does Sophia—that he has some notion—I do indeed, dear," she went on, with a faint little giggle; "and Sophia said to me the other day, with his nice house in Oggleswhite and his farm at Leatherhope, what a nice thing it would be for you, instead of spending your time at Mrs. Allan's, with no one but that sailor-boy, her son, to talk to, when you might have a chance to—"

"Do you mean that lanky, psalm-singing, Calvinist lawyer, who leered so impudently at me one evening when he was here, and said he wished he had the guidance of my temporal and eternal interests, and requested information on the state of my soul?" I inquired, with such menacing deliberation, and standing up and confronting poor Louisa with such an aspect of deadly wrath, that she fairly cowered before me. "Let me ever hear him dare to speak to me so again! Let me ever see him dare to even look at me again with his odious, hypocritical smile!"

And then the fierce tempest of contending emotions of pain, anger, and impatience, which her silly words had awakened in my proud, desolate heart, fairly broke out in a paroxysm of passionate sobs and weeping.

"Go away, Louisa, and leave me alone! Go away before I say what I shall be sorry for! How dare you all insult me so? How dare you all interfere with me and my feelings, for your own interests and convenience?"

Terrified and sad, poor Louisa gathered up the fragments of her rejected bun, and ate it mournfully herself; and then, after in vain proffering me water, wine, and smelling salts, burnt feathers, sal-volatile, and lavender lozenges, she spread a shawl over me as I lay prostrate on my mattress, and stole softly away.

About midnight, when I had burned no considerable quantity of Miss Wymond's oil in my lamp, I arose, quiet, cold, and dry-eyed. I had wept all my tears away, and was prepared for a sacrifice. Duty was the stern deity—self-esteem the altar; but my precious sacrifice could never be valued by its intrinsic worth—a withered fern-leaf, a scrap of blue ribbon, a photograph of a ship with her crew assembled on deck, and a little foreign-made tablet of papyrus, with "G. A." cunningly inscribed on the case in minute red beads. On the hearth I formed the funeral pyre, and applied the torch of lighted paper with unflinching hand; and then, when duty had been obeyed and self-esteem appeased, and naught remained of my treasure but a tiny heap of gray ashes, I went to bed, and slept the sleep of tear-worn exhaustion.

"Till cold winds woke the gray eyed morn"

about lone Wymondstowe, when I arose; for, in that abode of all the ascetic virtues we were compelled to adhere strictly to the mandate of the venerable maxim the mission of which is to make us "healthy, wealthy, and wise." What if I was cold, weary, and unwilling for exertion? Days of dreamy ease and pleasure were past for me—life was to be henceforth the sternest of stern realities.

(To be continued.)

POTTERY.

POTTERY stands alone among a myriad of arts that have flourished for many centuries because mechanics have failed to invest it with a method of manipulation easier than the tedious system observed in the days of the Pharaohs. Almost all of the work is performed now as it was then, by hand. Machinery has simplified some details; but the beauties of the art are still dependent upon the skilful fingering of its exponents. Each branch may be traced back to remote ages. The Egyptians and Phœnicians carried the art to a very high degree of perfection, and from their exquisite vases, tiles and small wares the Greeks began fashioning clay into plates for the ornamentation of their temples.

The Assyrians had potteries and kilns, and enameled their wares like the Egyptians. The celebrated antiquarian Ledyard, among the ruins of Nineveh, discovered whole libraries of the past history of Assyrian kings on tiles, now laid up in the British Museum, from which, as on printer's forms, Champollion and others read off histories of men and things that date back when Abraham was a babe dandled on the maternal knee. Ledyard also discovered terra cotta—clay statues, vases, and architectural decorations—in the Palace of Sennacherib.

The Romans, more inclined, in their earlier history, to war than to the fine arts, borrowed their first styles of pottery and porcelain from the Etruscans, whom they supplanted, and whose pottery gives us at present the chief and almost only clue to their history. The second century, n. c., dates their oldest vases, made of the red clay peculiar to the Roman style of pottery, and covered with a lustrous black glaze. Terra cotta figures were also made by them of the gods, goddesses and heroes of Roman history. Large Roman potteries in ruins—have been discovered in France.

The china-ware and porcelain inventions of the Flowery Kingdom go back about five hundred years, a. c. In the eighth century china-ware and porcelain were exported into Arabia, and not until a. d. 1504 did these wares make their appearance in England. The word porcelain was given to it by the Portuguese, because they thought it was "composed of egg-shells, fish-glue and scales." The Dutch and English became the chief importers from China, being the greatest maritime nations.

Palissy-ware derives its name from Bernard Palissy, a Huguenot, born in 1509, and is a kind of porcelain.

Queensware was invented in the times of Queen Anne and George I. Wedgwood was to England what Palissy was to France, and Botcher to Saxony, only the Englishman, like his nation, turned his genius to practical, rather than ornamental, results.

The largest potteries in the United States are located in New Jersey, and the most important in the city of Trenton. There are eighteen establishments, requiring fifty-seven kilns.

The mixtures for porcelain are kaolin, feldspar and carbonate of lime, which are all ground together—while the glaze is made of feldspar and gypsum. When a quantity of clay is required, a mass is divided into lumps, which are "thrown," kneaded, beaten or trodden upon, for the purpose of exhausting air and superfluous moisture. Then the lumps are taken into another department and fashioned into the shape of various articles by the potter's wheel, casting or pressing. The wheel is a flat disk upon an upright axle. A mass of clay sufficient to make the desired piece is thrown upon the disk, and as this revolves the potter models the lump with his hands. For pressing, the clay is treated as bread-dough, and applied to the model or mold which is used for forming its inner surface. Placing this upon the revolving disk, a metallic profile of the exact shape, brought in contact with the paste, gives the piece the desired shape. After the lumps are shaped the pieces are usually subjected to the potter's wheel, by which all roughness or superfluous paste is removed, and the carving, if any, done with the aid of a knife. The glazing is put on between the first and second firings, by dipping the pieces in tubs containing the composition.

The "seggars" are vessels of clay in which the pieces are deposited before being placed in the kilns for firing. The seggars are piled upon each other until the kiln is full, when it is closed, the coal ignited, and the pieces left forty hours to anneal and three days to cool. Handles, spouts, and ornaments are generally molded separately, and then attached by bits of paste before being burned. Fancy soap-dishes consist of six different pieces; wash-pitchers, four, besides the handles. In the Trenton potteries a large number of girls are employed. One, who forms the subject of our front-page engraving, was noticed throwing a lump of clay that appeared altogether too heavy for her; but she handled it with an ease that proved she was mistress of her trade. There are also large establishments in Perth Amboy and Jersey City. The potters claim that the facilities for manufacture actually possessed and in working order are, if they could be fully worked, sufficient to produce probably half the earthenware which this country requires.

They complain of English competition, and ask of Congress, as a means of protecting their important industry, the imposition of a heavy duty on imported ware.

In Chester County, Pa., and its vicinity, are located the establishments for the mining, washing and preparation of kaolin or fine china clay, rich deposits of which are found there; and this kaolin is fully equal to the finest that comes from Cornwall, England, for pottery purposes. In South Carolina and Georgia, and in Pope County, Ill., are beds of these fine clays, the last named being of a peculiarly valuable character, and highly esteemed by the potters at Cincinnati, and other points in the West.

In Maine, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland are mines of fine quartz and feldspar rock; and mills to grind these rocks, with heavy and expensive machinery, have been erected at several points on the Susquehanna, at Trenton, N. J., on the Connecticut River, and in other places in the West. The common qualities of clay are found in many places, and the digging of them has become an interest of considerable local importance, as at Woodbridge and Amboy, N. J.

There are 148 kilns in seven States, divided as follows: New Jersey, 64; Ohio, 52; New York, 12; Pennsylvania, 10; Illinois, 4; Maryland, 4; Massachusetts, 2. These are capable of producing at the rate of \$30,000 per kiln, which would amount to \$4,440,000 per annum, and would use in such production 75,000 tons of coal and 75,000 tons of clays and other materials.

It is agreed by those in a position to know, that with a sufficiently protective tariff, there is no reason why all the crockery used in the United States shall not be produced here, and made, too, entirely of American materials, every mineral necessary being now in course of development in this country.

THE KING IN NEW YORK.

KING KALAKAUA arrived in New York on Wednesday afternoon, December 23d. But little time was given for preparation, and the reception tenders him was very meagre, compared with that accorded to former distinguished guests of the city.

The Committee appointed by our Municipal Legislature to attend to the comfort and entertainment of the royal party, however, did all possible to extend the hospitalities of the city in a pleasant and creditable manner. The Joint Committee of the Common Council met the King and his suite upon their arrival at Jersey City. Alderman McArthur, the Chairman of the Committee, formally welcomed the royal visitor, and the King replied in a few words expressing the satisfaction he experienced from the cordial reception he has received in this country.

The King and suite were conveyed from Cortlandt Street Ferry to their quarters at the Windsor Hotel, in carriages, under an escort of the Independent Troop of Cavalry, Captain Karl Klein commanding, and a detachment of mounted police. On Thursday morning the royal party were entertained with a sleigh-ride through Central Park—a novelty to them. The Museum of Natural History, the Normal School, the Stock Exchange, the "Black Crook," and Booth's Theatre, were subsequently visited. The King will remain in New York until Thursday, December 31st, by which time he will have inspected the public institutions, and the workings of the various municipal departments.

"THE TWO ORPHANS,"

AT THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

AFTER months of elaborate preparation, Messrs. A. Shook & Palmer, of the Union Square Theatre, have produced Mr. Hart Jackson's adaptation of M. Adolphe d'Ennery's "Les Deux Orphelins," in a style of magnificence which is a sure guarantee of success. The play was written by D'Ennery to revive the waning fortunes of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, where it was produced in January, 1874. The popularity achieved by "Fernande" and "One Hundred Years Old" also from the pen of D'Ennery—induced the management of the Union Square to obtain from him the exclusive

right to produce his latest production in this country. On the opening night, of what is almost certain to be a protracted run, "The Two Orphans" met with the most enthusiastic approval. It is of the intense melodramatic nature, and some critics have suggested that it is suggestive of the Bowery style. But if the banner of the play is the red flag of sensationalism, it is nevertheless of the finest silken texture, and is fringed with gold. The perfect setting of the piece, and the exquisite acting of the company, do away with all carping criticism, and make the entertainment the most enjoyable of any in the city.

The cast embraces the names of Chas. Thorne, Jr., John Parselle, Stuart Robson, McKee Rankin, L. L. Mackay, W. J. Cogswell, H. W. Montgomery, Thos. E. Morris, Lysander Thompson, J. W. Matthews, W. H. Wilder, Miss Rose Eytinge, Miss Fanny Morant, Miss Kate Claxton, Miss Kitty Blanchard, Miss Marie Wilkins, Miss Ida Vernon, and others. In the hands of these ladies and gentlemen rests the story of the play, and right skillfully do they evolve it. The action is in Paris, just before the Revolution. Two young Normandy girls—foster-sisters—come to the city in quest of a relative to whose care they have been consigned, and become separated, one being abducted by a dishonorable nobleman, and the other—who is blind—falling into the hands of an old hag who makes her sing in the streets for alms. The hag has two sons—one handsome, and a thief; the other, crippled, and an organ-grinder. While one of the Normandy orphans is searching for her sister, the blind girl, and falling in love with a young French gentleman who succored her in her moment of need and saved her from the ruin who had kidnapped her, the cripple is falling in love with the sightless singer. Through many vicissitudes the sisters pass while estranged from each other, but at last they meet again in the hovel of the hag and her sons, whither the orphan who can see has been guided by the agent of the police. In the very moment of their embrace the desperado son comes in. He bars the progress of the young girls, and draws his knife. Then the crippled son leaps into manhood, and seizing a knife also, a battle begins between the brothers. It is this scene which our artist has illustrated. Of course virtue triumphs, the police come just in time, the desperado and his mother go to jail, and the curtain falls upon a picture of the blind orphan finding in one moment her long-lost and aristocratic mother, and a doctor who thinks he can cure her, while the other orphan is blessed with a noble husband. Perhaps the best acting in the piece was done by Mr. Mackay as *Pierre* the cripple. The two orphans were delineated and sweetly portrayed by Miss Kate Claxton, who assumed the rôle of the blind girl, and Miss Kitty Blanchard.

CANADIAN INDIAN BOYS SHOOTING AT PENNIES.

A FEW miles from Quebec, Canada, is an Indian settlement, called Lorette. The inhabitants are principally engaged in the manufacture of snow-shoes and rude toys. It is a favorite resort of the citizens of Quebec and of tourists. One of the attractions is the skill of the Indian boys in shooting with the bow and arrow. Visitors are importuned to offer small coins as targets, the coin being the prize of the successful marksman.

THE NAUTICAL TRAINING-SCHOOL.

UNDER the Act of Congress granting a vessel of the United States Navy to such States as make provision to educate a certain number of youth for sailors, the Secretary of the Navy has designated the *St. Mary's* as the training-ship at the port of New York. The schoolship is under the charge of the Board of Education.

The instructors and officers are experienced men, selected from the United States Navy, and detailed for this special duty. Commander R. L. Phythian will be in command; Lieutenant-Commander Hadley will be executive officer. Lieutenants Delong and Jacques, and other competent officers, comprise the staff.

The *St. Mary's* is a vessel of about 1,000 tons burden. Her dimensions are: Length, 142 feet; beam, 37.4 feet; depth of hold, 16.6 feet. In view of the purposes for which she is intended, she was thoroughly overhauled at Boston, at a cost of nearly \$70,000. She is now a trim, substantial-looking vessel, carrying ten eight-inch guns.

It is thought that the school can be maintained at a cost of from \$40,000 to \$50,000 annually. All the officers detached from the Navy receive extra pay, as follows: Commander Phythian, \$2,000; the executive officer, \$1,000; senior instructor, \$700, and junior instructor, \$500. The other officers will be: A steward, at \$50 per month; master-at-arms, \$50; boatswain's mate, \$35; captain's mate, \$35; sailmaker's mate, \$35; captain of the hold, \$30; two firemen, at \$30 and \$28, and four seamen, at \$28 each per month.

Applicants must be between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one. They are required to produce written testimonials of good character, to have a plain English education, and pass an examination as to physical qualifications. The boys will have to provide themselves with a hammock, a plain suit of clothing of dark blue, and requisite linen—the whole expected to cost about \$50. The course of study embraces all branches of practical seamanship, instruction in gunnery, navigation, engineering, and the rudimentary and advanced curriculum of the English language. While the principal intention is to furnish competent and intelligent seamen for the merchant marine, the instruction will be such as to fit the students to become men-of-war's men, should occasion require.

The examination of boys who are applicants for admission was commenced on board the ship on Tuesday, December 23d. Dr. Burleigh, the newly-appointed surgeon, conducted the physical examination, and Commander Phythian and a representative of the Board of Education decided as to the other qualifications. Those who succeed in passing will report for duty on January 1st, 1875. The course of instruction will cover a period of about two years, at the end of which time certificates of character and efficiency will be presented to the successful students. Our artist furnishes some characteristic sketches of the boys undergoing the examination.

Only boys who belong to the city will be accepted for the present, as it is considered they ought to be preferred to those living out of New York, since the ship is supported by the city taxpayers. Provision will only be made for two hundred boys in all, as the *St. Mary's* will not conveniently accommodate more. Another vessel will, however, be asked for, should there be any occasion for making the request.

San Francisco and Boston are the only cities besides New York that have secured vessels from the Government for the purpose of opening a nautical training-school. The *Jamestown* is stationed at the former place, and is under the charge of Lieutenant-Commander Glass, U.S.N.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE ALLEGED NANA SAHIB.—We recently published a portrait of this noted Indian outlaw, and with that may be compared the likeness of the man at present held in custody on suspicion of being the real Nana. In spite of the exertions of Her Majesty's officers, no one has yet been found who could identify the robust captive.

LANDING NORWEGIAN ICE AT LONDON.—This ice is brought from small lakes high up in the mountains in the vicinity of Drammen, about thirty miles from Christiania. So clear are the lakes, that analysts pronounce the ice to be as free from impurities as distilled water. The ice-ships are discharged in London at Chelsea in the manner shown in the engraving.

NATIONAL SHEEP-DOG TRIALS.—The second of the National Sheep-Dog Trials which have been held at Bala, North Wales, occurred October 14th, last. A shepherd will order one of his dogs to fetch three sheep out a flock on a hill some distance away, and the dog will faithfully drive the required number down the slope. The principal event of the day was the driving about three hundred feet, and the penning, of three sheep. The dog of Robert Roberts won the first prize and a cup for this feat.

SHOOTING WILD FOWL ON THE UPPER THAMES.—The stalking-horse is a relic of antiquity. Mr. Robertson, who has recently compiled a work on "Life on the Upper Thames," met but three horses on the banks—one only being in use. It consists of a slight wooden frame, not unlike a hurdle, with canvas stretched over it, to form a body; a head bent down, as if grazing; two straight pieces of wood for legs, and tufts of hair for mane and tail. A hole in the shoulder serves for a lookout, and for resting the heavy duck-gun.

THE CARLIST WAR.—The story of the race for life is an incident of the recent attack on Behobia. The Republican Migueletes had been so closely besieged in their little custom-house that they were unable to obtain fresh supplies of food. Four of the garrison of iron volunteered to convey to the besieged all the food they required, together with a small cannon, in a long rowing boat called a "lancha." Just as the boat was approaching the bridge the Carlists opened fire upon the occupants, killing one, wounding another, and forcing the survivors to run ashore on the French bank. The other illustration is simply a character sketch of a column of Navarre troops on the march between Estella and Los Arcos.

NEW YEAR'S BRACE.

THE theatrical call boy is likened unto astronomers because he often gazes on and communes with "stars."

"Your feet are not very stylish," said a man to his friend, whose feet were covered with bunions. "No, not stylish, but exceedingly nobby," was the good-natured reply.

A MISSOURIAN who attended prayer-meeting with his daughter felt compelled to rise up and remark: "I want to be good and go to heaven; but if those fellows don't stop winking at Mary, there will be a good deal of prancing around here the first thing they know!"

A TRAVELER passing through Weston, near Bridge-water, in the State of Georgia, seeing a sign over the door with this one word, "Agoresequere," he called to the woman to inquire what she sold, when she said she did not sell anything, but that "agues was cured there."

AN Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose county was the best living, said the Welshman: "There is such noble housekeeping in Wales that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner." "Ay," said the Englishman, "that was because every man toasted his own cheese."

A NEVADA woman recently knocked down seven burglars, one after another. Her husband watched her from the top of the stairs, and felt so brimful of battle that he couldn't cool off until he had jerked his eighty-year old boy out of bed and whaled him soundly for not getting up and helping his mother.

AN Irishman was once indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking raw eggs and reading a newspaper. By some mischance, he contrived to boil a live chicken. The poor bird chirped as it went down his throat, and he very politely observed, "Be the powers, me friend, you spoke a little too late!"

A GENTLEMAN was looking into the window of a toy-store the other day, when two boys halted, and one remarked: "Say, Jim, don't you wish we had ten cents to buy a present for our poor lame sister?" Jim replied that he did, and the gentleman pulled out a shilling and said he was glad to be able to assist them in such a praiseworthy enterprise. He met the same boys half an hour afterwards, and each had his pockets stuffed with popcorn balls.

A HIGHLANDER who sold brooms went into a barber's shop in Glasgow to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and after having shaved him, asked the price of it. "Tippence," said the Highlander. "No, no," says the barber; "I'll give you a penny, and if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again." The Highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay. "A penny," says Strap. "I'll gie ye a baubee," says Duncan, "and if that dinna satisfy ye, pit on my beard again."

THE recent explosion of gunpowder at Regent's Park seems to have affected some of the animals in the "Zoo" considerably. Our "Special Reporter," who was on the spot, has sent us the following notes: "The lion shed his coat, telling the lionsess that after this he never could re-mane where he was. The hyenas laughed on the wrong side of their mouths. The polar bear took a chill. The elephant packed his trunk. The porcupine tied up his bundle of quills. The pelican of the wilderness filled his pouch; and the leopards changed their spots, and looked out for others less exposed."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM LEE & SHEPHERD: "That Queer Girl," by VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. "Our Helen," by SOPHIE MAY. "The Dorcas Club; or, Our Girls Afloat," by OLIVER OPTIC. "The Exhibition Drama," by GEORGE M. BAKER. "Sowed by the Wind; or, The Poor Boy's Fortune," by ELIJAH KELOGG. "Caleb Krinkley; A Story of American Life," by CHARLES C. KOPPEL.

HARD & HORTON: "The Dictionary of Practical Phonography." In this elaborate work Mr. James E. Munson, for many years an official stenographer in the Supreme Court of New York, has gracefully crowned his efforts to establish a simple and trustworthy system of shorthand-writing. Within the limits of 328 pages he has compressed over 50,000 words, giving at a glance the correct spelling, accentuation, nomenclature and position of each. Practical phonographers will recognize in the list of 6,000 proper names a feature of very great value, because of the liability to err in striking the outlines of words that are, to a certain extent, beyond the scope of general reporting. The compilation of the DICTIONARY reveals a vast amount of labor. With it no student of average application need fear his ability to write, correctly, legibly and swiftly, any word or phrase that may be uttered in a deliberate sermon or a vehement debate.

NEWS OF THE WEEK. DOMESTIC.

THE Nautical School for New York boys will be opened on January 4, on the ship *St. Mary's*. Ex-Governor Parsons was nominated by the President to succeed Judge Busted in Alabama. An attempt is being made to prevent the abolition of the Navy Yards at New London, Kittery, Philadelphia, and Washington. The latest railroad scheme before Congress provides a guaranteed four per cent. interest on bonds to the extent of \$20,000 per mile, of the Oregon Central Pacific Railroad and Telegraph Line. Under the new system of direct appropriations, \$1,000,000 will be required to sustain the National Military Asylums during the fiscal year. It was rumored that 170 attacks of the New York Custom House would be removed. The President issued a proclamation on the Mississippi question. Mr. Tweed's counsel applied to Judge Balcan, of Birmingham, for a writ of error. The House refused to adopt resolutions against Government subsidies. Police Captain Bourne, of Brooklyn, was accidentally killed by a reporter. Militiamen of New Jersey are to establish a State Range similar to Creedmoor. The snow storm damaged the police and fire telegraph wires in New York to the extent of \$5,000. A National Convention of the "Indianapolis Independent" Party will be held in Cleveland, March 14th. One thousand dollars of the Goodrich murder reward was paid Mary Hanley. Mayor Vance removed Messrs. Stern and Bowen, Commissioners of Charities and Correction; accepted the resignation of Mr. Laimbeer; and appointed Messrs. Bailey, Cox and Donnelly to fill the vacancies. Miss "Josie" Mansfield recovered \$25,000 in her suit against the Fisk estate. The Rev. Dr. James Walker, D.D., once President of Harvard College, died at Cambridge, Mass., at the age of eighty years. The Returning Board of Louisiana counted in fifty-four Republicans and fifty-two Conservatives to the Lower House. Detectives Tilly and Heideberg, of the Central Office, New York, were suspended on a charge of secreting stolen property. The Secretary of War gave orders that the white miners who are prospecting the Black Hills be driven out the reservation. An effort is being made to have the next college regatta on the Thames, at New London, Conn. King Kalakaua took the first sleigh-ride of his life. It is proposed to establish a grand arsenal in New York under the direction of the War Department.

FOREIGN.

A GERMAN sailing-vessel flying signals of distress was fired into by the Carlists at Guearia. A powder magazine in Scutari, Constantinople, was struck by lightning, and, exploding, killed two hundred persons. All the mails, and about four hundred Chinamen, were lost by the burning of the Pacific steamship *Japan*, off Hong-Kong. All the powers save Great Britain accepted Russia's invitation to the new International Code Conference. The Mexican Congress prolonged the term of the Mixed Commission at Washington. The German men-of-war *Albatross* and *Nautilus* will demand satisfaction of the Carlists for bringing upon the *Gustav*. Alfonso, Prince of the Asturias, made his speech, favoring the Monarchy and claiming the throne. The postal service between the United States and Japan goes into effect January 1st. Japan proposes to establish a representative Assembly. Lord Derby notified Minister Schenck that Great Britain will participate in the Centennial. Dr. Jacob, of the Department of Commerce, is President of the German Centennial Commission. A postal Convention is urged by the *Diario*, of Havana, between Spain and the United States. Prince Bismarck moved for an extradition treaty between Germany and the United States. Thirty persons were killed and fifty wounded by a railway accident at Woodstock, England. The severed parts of Murillo's painting of St. Anthony, stolen from the Cathedral, were discovered in Madrid. General Garibaldi has written a letter denying the charges made against him by the Committee of the French Assembly. He lays the blame for the French reverses on General Bourbaki. The English company of revisers of the New Testament held their 45th session on Tuesday, December 8th. They completed the second revision of Luke's Gospel to the end of Chapter xvi. Upwards of 56,000 signatures have been received for the memorial to the Queen and the Archbishops against the legalizing of Eucharistic Vestments and the Eastward position. The Irish Presbyterians have taken up the Temperance question. By order of the General Assembly, the Presbyterian ministers throughout Ireland preached on Temperance, Sunday, December 6th. The Papal Consistory, which was to have been held December 21st, for the creation of cardinals, has been postponed till after Easter. The Pope has refused to advise the Bishops of Para and Pernambuco, now in prison for excommunicating Freemasons, to resign their sees by way of conciliating the Brazilian Government.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

DOMESTIC.—The Amie troupe appear in Detroit, Mich., December 28th, 29th, 30th. Olive Logan will bring out a new edition of "Surf" at the National, Washington, January 11th. The first concert of the Beethoven Society of Philadelphia will take place on the 23d of January at Musical Fund Hall, when Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" will be given. Lettingwell opened an engagement in Rochester, N. Y., December 21st, playing in the "Victim of Circumstances," and "Romeo and Juliet." The new Academy of Music, at Baltimore, will be opened January 7th, by Strakosch and Albani. The "Black Crook" will be taken to Baltimore after the holidays. Joe Emmet began a two weeks' engagement in Cincinnati, December 21st. Mme. Janaschek's combination performed in various Pennsylvania cities last week. After an absence of six years, Mrs. General Lander has reappeared in Louisville, Ky., supported by Frank Lawlor. Miss Charlotte Thompson performs in Wilmington, Del., and Lancaster, Reading and Harrisburg, Pa., this week. Lotta opens an engagement in Boston on the 25th. The Feast of Belshazzar was sung at the Exposition Buildings, Newark, N. J., four times during the holidays.

NEW YORK CITY.—"Jack and Jill" is the name of the holiday pantomime running at Niblo's Theatre. The entertainment is of a very miscellaneous character, and exhibits acrobats, jugglers, and a host of funny people. Mrs. Rousby makes her debut before an American public at the Lyceum Theatre, January 4th, as the Princess Elizabeth, in "Twixt Axe and Crown." She superintends the rehearsals in person. La Fille de Mme. Angot was produced by the Solenne Opera Bouffe Company, at the Lyceum, December 23d. Matilda Heron appeared at Booth's on Christmas evening as *Lady Macbeth*, supported by George Vandenhoff as *Macbeth*. King Kalakaua was present.

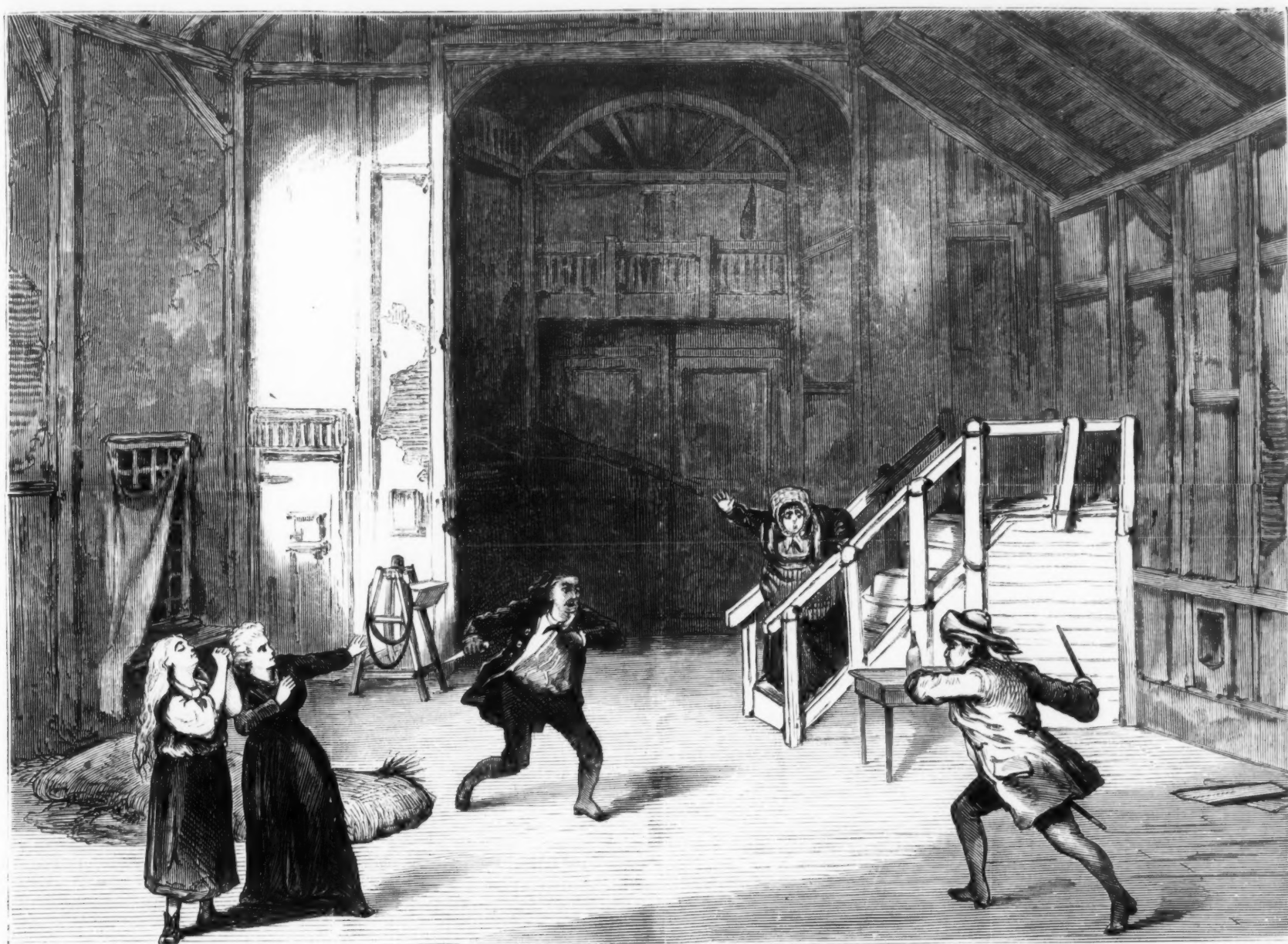
FOREIGN.—Fanny Elssler, aged fifty-five, is in Hamburg, taking care of her \$2,000,000. Christine Nilsson begins an engagement at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, in February. Leococq's "Princess St. Gervais" has been produced in London, and proved very moral. The Haymarket, with E. A. Sothern as *Dundreary*, and the Lyceum, with Henry Irving as *Hamlet*, have been better patronized than any other of the London theatres. At the Adelphi, London, the "Geneva Cross" was withdrawn, and replaced with "The Prayer in the Storm." Kate Bateman is playing at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, Eng.



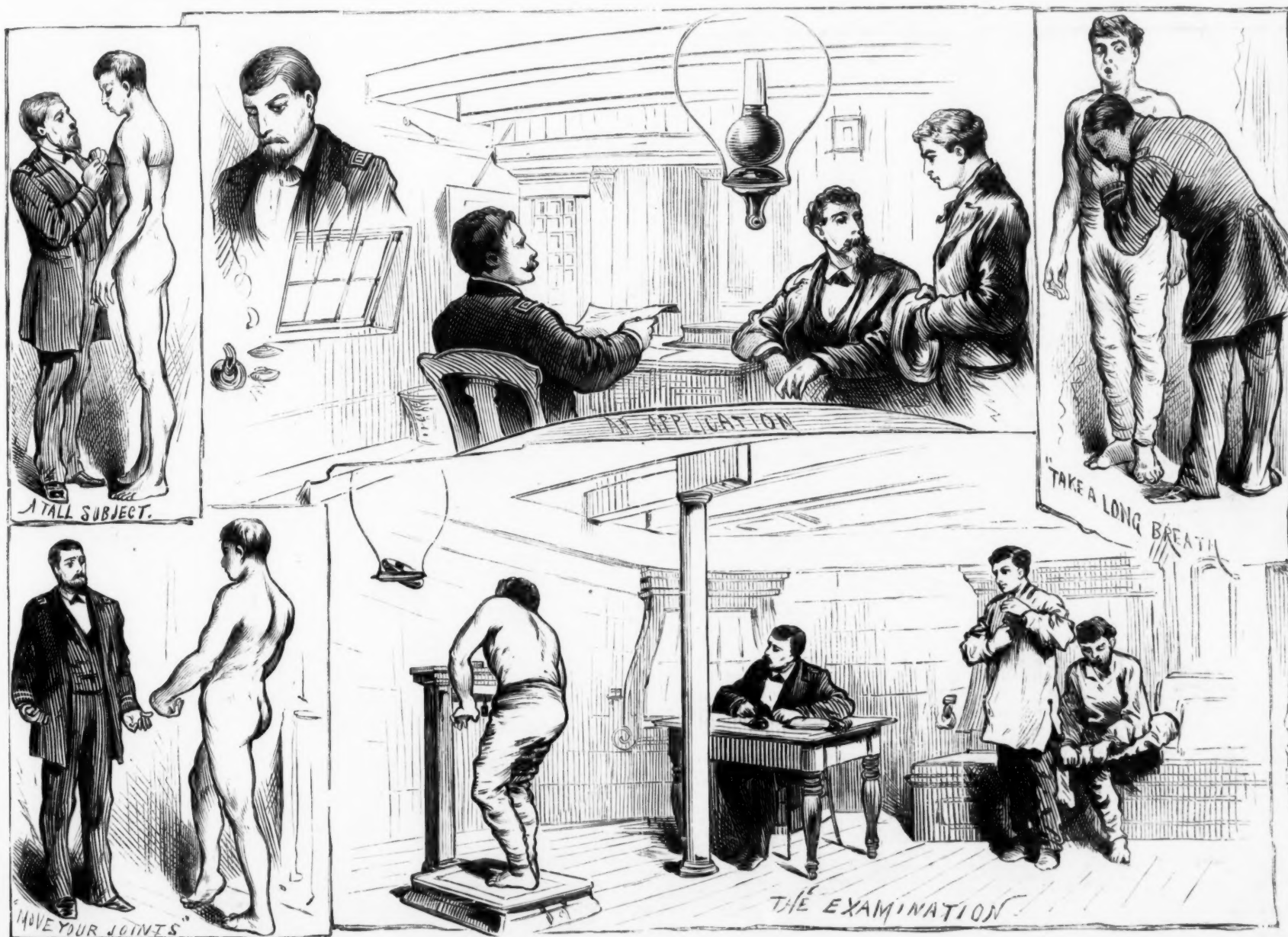
KING KALAKAUA'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.—SEE PAGE 295.



CANADIAN INDIAN BOYS SHOOTING AT PENNIES, AT LORETTE.—SKETCHED BY E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 295.



UNION SQUARE THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW PLAY OF "TWO ORPHANS."—FIGHT BETWEEN PIERRE, THE CRIPPLE, AND JACQUES, HIS BROTHER.—SEE PAGE 295.



THE TRAINING SCHOOL-SHIP, "ST. MARY'S," NEW YORK HARBOR.—OFFICERS EXAMINING CANDIDATES FOR ADMISSION.—SEE PAGE 295.

THE POET AND THE SNOW.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE end drew near.

Came Winter moaning, and the Doctor said
That Andrew would not live to see the Spring;
And day by day, while frost was hard at work,
The lad grew weaker, paler, and the blood
Came redder from the lung. One Sabbath day—
The last of Winter, for the caller air
Was drawing sweetness from the barks of trees—
When down the lane, I saw to my surprise
A snowdrop blooming underneath a birk,
And gladly plucked the flower to carry home
To Andrew. Ere I reach'd the field, the air
Was thick with snow, and ben in yonder room
I found him, mother seated at his side,
Drawn to the window in the old armchair,
Gazing with lustrous eyes and a cheek
Out on the shower, that waver'd softly down
In glistening silver glamour. Saying naught,
Into his hand I put the year's first flower,
And turn'd away to hide my face; and he....
....He smiled.... and at the smile, I knew not why,
It swam upon us, in a frosty pain,
The end was come at last, at last, and Death
Was creeping on, his shadow on our hearts.
We gazed on Andrew, call'd him by his name,
And touch'd him softly.... and he lay a while,
His eyes upon the snow, in a dark dream,
Yet neither heard nor saw; but suddenly,
He shook away the vision with a smile,
Raised lustrous eyes, still smiling, to the sky,
Next upon us, then dropt them to the flower
That trembled in his hand, and murmur'd low,
Like one that gladly murmurs to himself—
"Out of the Snow, the Snowdrop—out of Death
Come Life!" then closed his eyes and made a moan,
And never spake another word again.

SIR HANBURY'S BEQUEST

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET."

CHAPTER I.—IN THE HEXAM LIBRARY.

THE great northern metropolis, Loomborough, is one of the wealthiest provincial cities in the United Kingdom. Its public buildings are palatial. Its law-courts, town-hall, exchange, club-houses, warehouses, emporiums, boast an architectural magnificence which puts all other cities to the blush. Its cathedral appears to have been neglected, and allowed to run to seed, as it were, for the last three hundred years; but that is a detail. Municipal authorities cannot do everything; and the dinginess of the cathedral brings out the freshness and sharpness of that grand example of the pointed Gothic order near at hand, the law courts.

Throughout the city there is an all-pervading air of wealth. One can see at a glance that a million of money is as easily forthcoming in Loomborough as a few paltry thousands elsewhere. You have only to convince Loomborough that the million is required for the maintenance of her glory, and there it is, in ready money, waiting for the architect's certificate.

Time was when Loomborough was a quiet country town, ringed in with green fields and humble rustic villages, a clear, blue river winding through it, and the sweet Summer air unpolluted by smoke. But, within the last century, Loomborough has swollen into a brick and mortar octopus, and with each of its hungry suckers has absorbed a village; till the names of those outlying hamlets alone are left, and now serve to distinguish some of the busiest, richest, dirtiest, smokiest and most crowded quarters of the vast city.

Of Loomborough as it was a hundred and thirty years ago—in the days of the famous forty-five, for instance—it is difficult nowadays to find a trace, save in some curious old print, exhibited, with proud humility, by a Loomborough print-seller. Yet there is just one little bit of the sweet city which has an old-world look, even to-day, and suggests to one's fancy the quiet provincial town of the past; there is just one building which no sacrilegious hand has improved away from its original quaint beauty; a building which belongs to the age of Elizabeth, and is unlike any modern edifice of Tudor or Gothic school as it is possible for one thing to be unlike another.

This is Sir Hanbury Hexam's Library. A rich collection of black-letter books left to the city of Loomborough by a wealthy citizen of the Elizabethan age—with funds for the maintenance of the same, and power to add to their number—in accordance with certain rules made and provided, and a building to contain the same, and to be used as a public reading-room, open every day, except Sunday, free of charge, to the inhabitants of Loomborough. Sir Hanbury also established a college for the youth of the city, and endowed it with an estate amply sufficient for its maintenance. There, in a wide yard, under the shadow of the dingy old cathedral, stand the two buildings; the school, tall and square, and looking of later date than the library, the quaintest, most curious old place that a student need wish to enter—a long, low building, with all manner of narrow passages, and queer little winding stairs; time-blackened oak paneling that might pass for ebony; ceilings that a man of middle height may touch with his hand; narrow recessed chambers, like loose boxes, where the books are stored in a severe gloom, appropriate rather to meditation than study—for it is but a dusky light that creeps in through the one narrow window which illumines each several recess. These small divisions are fenced off by carved open-work oak doors, kept religiously locked. Here, in their particular den, you may find the old chroniclers, the fathers of the church, Homer and his translators, Rabelais in his various and numerous editions, Bacon—all the mighty spirits of departed learning, each, like a hermit, in his particular cave or cell.

One of the labyrinthine passages leads to the public reading-room, where the student-world of Loomborough is to be seen on a Winter's day represented by three grim-looking men—two gaunt and elderly; one young, but singular of aspect, with elf-locks streaming over his greasy coat-collar. Taking the editions of Homer we have looked at upstairs, at a rough guess, we may safely say there are six for each of the three students. One of the grim elders has surrounded himself with stacks of brown leather-covered tomes, as if he were anxious to get a good pennyworth out of Sir Hanbury's bequest. The other has drawn his ancient armchair close to the wide cavernous hearth, where a mighty sea-coal fire roars red and glorious in a vast iron grate. The young man muses over an open folio in a nook apart—a deep recess in which there is an old painted window, looking into the stony yard, and coloring the gray December light. The room has evidently been unaltered since Sir Hanbury devised it to his fellow-citizens. The low ceiling, the black and polished paneling, a clumsy oak table here and there, a carved oak cabinet of

ponderous design, a buffet in the same style, a curious eight day clock, all carry the evidence of their age upon them. Sir Hanbury Hexam himself, an old man with a severe visage, pointed beard and black velvet skull-cap, surveys the students from his portrait over the high oak mantelpiece, and seems to glower upon them in the ruddy firelight.

There is no pleasanter contrast imaginable than to pass, from the brisk, busy, prosperous, money-getting modern city a few yards away, to this silent, dusky retreat, where one might fancy the Lord of Verulam musing over the use of deduction and hypothesis, or meditating the more practical question of how to preserve dead poultry by stuffing fowls with snow.

Into this sombre apartment on a certain December afternoon, about ten years ago, came a young man who seemed to have but little in common with the grim student at the table, or the gaunt elder hugging the fire—a young man with a bright handsome face, and a tall straight figure clad in garments which had a certain un-English look, and were by no means too new. The dark-blue overcoat looked as if it had been worn to the verge of shabbiness, and the carefully brushed hat betokened the care which a man gives to his wardrobe who knows not when and how he may be able to replenish it. The three students glanced at the stranger as if they inwardly resented his intrusion. The stranger surveyed them critically, as if they had been three peripatetic folios dingly bound, like books on the shelves in the long narrow chambers on the upper story, from which he had just descended, followed by one of the officials carrying half a dozen volumes.

The official deposited his load on one of the disengaged tables and departed. The stranger walked around the room, looked through the painted window, across which the snow-flakes were drifting, whitening the stony yard beyond, contemplated Sir Hanbury's portrait, and warmed his hands at the ruddy blaze—the fire-worshiper pushing his chair back half an inch or so, to make way for him, with a discontented look.

"Delicious old place!" said the stranger, turning to the fire-worshiper with a pleasant smile, "charming retreat for the students! Do you come here often, sir?"

"Every day, except Sundays, in Winter," growled the fire-worshiper.

"And our friend with the pile of books?" asked the stranger, with a backward glance at the table in the corner, where the second grim elder sat behind a rampart of dingy volumes.

"Every day, Sundays excepted, all the year round," answered the fire-worshiper, gloomily. "He's writing a book about the end of the world, with a critical analysis of all the prophets, from Daniel down to Dr. Cumming. Nobody will ever give him any money for it; nobody will ever thank him, or think any better of him for having written it; no printer, unless he's a madman, will ever be found to print a page of it. But he seems to enjoy writing it," with a jerk of his head in the direction of the student. "He's been at it forty years."

"And he?" asked the stranger, with a look towards the youthful muser, who was gently dozing over that open folio.

"Oh, he's a local poet. He comes here to read the classics. He sleeps a good deal, I observe; but I dare say his ideas come to him that way. He contributes short poems to the newspapers, gratis, and lives on his friends."

The stranger sighed, and strolled away from the fire. He seated himself at the table where the librarian had placed his books, opened one of them, a "Horace," and tried to read.

Unhappily there are conditions of the mind in which philosophic poetry loses its soothing power. This young man had his own troubles to think about, very real, very near—staring him in the face, jogging him by the elbow. Fate took the shape of the inexorable policeman, always urging him to move on. For him there was no such thing as tarrying at street-corners, no shelter for him beneath the dark arches of life.

Presently he took a roll of papers from his pocket—the establishment found pen and ink—and began to write, stooping over the page, his pen dashing along with fiery speed, writing as a man writes who pours his heart out upon paper. It was a letter, evidently; but what a letter—six sheets of Bath post covered with that black, bold calligraphy. When he had signed his name at the bottom of the last page, he looked at the scattered sheets dubiously, as if debating whether he should read their contents.

"No," he muttered to himself. "If I read them I should change my mind and tear them up."

He folded the sheets hastily, thrust the clumsy budget into a big official-looking envelope, and addressed it to "Miss Hexam, Hexam Park, near Loomborough."

It had been almost too dark for him to write the address in the dusky corner where he sat, but, glancing towards the painted window, he saw that the deep recess which it lighted was vacant. The local poet had gone home to tea. The grim elders had departed. The room was empty.

"So much the better," muttered the young man; "I shall have a quiet half-hour before the place closes."

He had a vague idea that the Hexam Library closed at six o'clock all the year round, but had not troubled himself to verify that impression.

He went to the recess, took his "Horace" to the window, and began to pore over the large old-fashioned type. But at four o'clock on a December afternoon there was not light enough in Loomborough to illumine the biggest type. The distant street-lamps shone redly across the intervening gulf of darkness. The Hexam scholars were whooping in the stony yard. The young man looked at them through a bit of ruby glass—the real old ruby—in the painted window, yawned, sat down in the comfortable old oak chair, leaned his head on his hands, and abandoned himself to troublesome perplexities—till sleep stole gently upon the wearied brain and closed the book of care.

CHAPTER II.—THE HEXAM ESTATE.

IT was near the hour of closing, and that ancient student, who devoted himself chiefly to the contemplation of the excellent sea-coal fire provided by the Hexam foundation, paused in the dusky little vestibule for a chat with the chief librarian. There was no such thing as gas in the Hexam Library. A dim oil-lamp illumined the low oak-paneled chamber where the librarian sat at his desk, with a large and ponderous tome before him, in which were recorded the names of the visitors and students of the library. There was a vague tradition that the autographs of Sir Kenelm Digby and John Evelyn were to be found in those faded old pages, and that a later leaf bore the honored signature of Samuel Johnson. But the custodian was chary of displaying his treasures. He loved the book, and dozed away many a quiet afternoon hour with his gray head reposing affectionately upon the ancient binding.

"There's been a queer chap up yonder this afternoon," said the fire-worshiper, "very free and

off-hand in his manner. Who is he, and where does he come from?"

The librarian opened his book with a solemn visage, and pointed to the latest signature.

There, sprawling across the page, in careless youth's bold characters, appeared the stranger's name—"Hanbury Hexam, at the Old Bell Inn, Loomborough."

"What does that mean?" asked the fire-worshiper.

"I don't know. Either it's meant for a joke, or he must be the son of that old clergyman who ruined himself and his family by going to law about the Hexam property—Sir Joshua Hexam's estate, you know. There was a chancery suit that lasted ever so many years."

"I remember. But it's ten years since that was over and done with. I've almost forgotten the story."

"I haven't. My connection with this place made it almost a personal matter, you see; and I studied the case in all its bearings. This Michael Hexam was a clergyman, with a good living and a comfortable little estate of his own—a farm near Bilshott. That's about twenty miles from Loomborough, you know. The farmhouse was very old; almost as old as this library. There was the date under the cornice of the porch, 1603, as large as life; and a fine old place it was. But one day, in a tremendous storm of wind, down comes a chimney-stack as they don't build nowadays—bricks enough in it to build a house with; and behind the chimney Michael Hexam finds a kind of cupboard, or strong room, containing a lot of old plate, and an iron box of old family papers, not one of them later than William III.'s time. Well, these papers, according to Mr. Hexam's view of the case, proved his right to the Hexam estate."

"How did he make that out?"

"Why, you must know that Sir Hugh Hexam, our Sir Hanbury's son, who was created a baronet by James I., died intestate, and without direct heirs, so that his estate passed to the next of kin. The next of kin who came forward to claim the property was a first cousin once removed, being the grandson of Sir Hanbury's younger brother. This young man was a second son, but he brought forward witnesses to prove his elder brother's death in foreign parts. So he got the property, and his descendants have held it from that day to this. Well, this Michael Hexam, the parson of Bilshott, had been taught by his father to consider himself the rightful heir to all the Hexam property in the possession of Sir Joshua, and of others, for the original estate had been divided and subdivided in the course of years, as well as the baronetcy; but, till the falling of the chimney, there had been missing links in the documentary evidence, and he didn't see his way to putting forward any claim. The discovery of that box of papers altered the aspect of affairs. He submitted his case to a solicitor in Loomborough, who advised him to go in and win. He mortgaged his poor little estate to furnish the sines of war, and he filed a bill in Chancery against Sir Joshua Hexam and several other defendants. It was like the mouse going to war with the elephant."

"I remember the case," replied the fire-worshiper. "It was always dragging its slow length through the newspapers. The man was smashed, of course."

"Well, the man was; but his case wasn't. Some people might have called the issue success—but it killed the litigant. After the case had been before the Court for years, off and on, the Judge, one of our greatest men, pronounced upon the merits of the claim. Michael Hexam had clearly proved his legitimate descent from the elder brother of Mark Hexam, who succeeded Sir Hugh as next of kin. He had proved that the witnesses brought forward by this Mark Hexam to establish the fact of his elder brother's death were lying witnesses—that the elder brother was then alive, trading as a merchant in Spain, and the father of several sons; nothing was wanting. But, after acknowledging the justice of the litigant's claims, the Judge declared that to redistribute a vast estate after a lapse of ages would be to commit a greater injustice than the wrong already done; and that, in his opinion, there was, therefore, no redress for that wrong—no appeal open to the claimant save to the generosity of the present possessor of the estate, of whom Sir Joshua Hexam was the largest and most distinguished. For the unhappy and mistaken gentleman who had put forward his claim the Judge declared he had nothing but compassion; but to favor such claimants would be to introduce an element of confusion into the tenures of estates in the land, and to do harm to the multitude for the advantage of the individual. I know his speech pretty nearly by heart, I've read it so many times."

"And did Michael Hexam appeal to Sir Joshua's generosity?" asked the other.

"No. He threw himself on the mercy of a greater tribunal than the Court of Chancery. He went straight home that dark December evening and cut his throat."

"Did he leave any children behind him?"

"One, a son, a mere lad, called Hanbury. But he was abroad at the time, I believe—some said in a Jesuit college—and nobody seemed to know where to find him. Sir Joshua Hexam wrote a letter to the papers professing his willingness to provide for this boy, but nothing ever came of the offer, the boy never came forward."

"Curious boy!" exclaimed the fire-worshiper. "I should come forward fast enough if any one offered to provide for me. And you suppose this is the very individual?" laying his hand on the open page where that dashing signature showed darkly in the dim light.

"There's no other Hanbury Hexam that I know of," answered the librarian. "There are Hexams enough, but no Hanburys among them. The old name has died out."

"Well, good-night," said the fire-worshiper, departing.

"Good-night," responded the custodian.

He closed his big volume, took his hat from its peg, and followed, locking various doors as he went, without a thought of the actual Hanbury, at that moment slumbering profoundly in the recess by the painted window.

CHAPTER III.—THE DREAM-PICTURE.

SILENCE perfect and profound descended upon the shadowy old chamber where the stranger slept upon his open book. The ruddy fire still burned cheerily, banked up too liberally to be exhausted in an hour or two. And in the silence and solitude young Hanbury Hexam dreamed a dream.

Time had reversed his glass, and that foolish dreamer fancied himself the son of an age long gone by.

It was in the reign of good Queen Bess, and all Loomborough was like the Hexam Library. The narrow streets were picturesque, with queer old mullioned windows, irregular pavements, open gutters through which the town sewer flowed merrily, like a rivulet. Loomborough was a small market town, with a cathedral that seemed ever so much too big for it, and a margin of fields and

wooded hills encircling it. At this Christmas season the hills and fields were white with snow, and the black twigs of the trees bore only icicles.

Young Hanbury Hexam walked through the narrow streets clad in trunk hose, the worse for wear, and a scarlet doublet in the same condition, and a small gray woolen cloak, which hardly shielded him from December's searching blast. He had come from beyond seas, where he had been trying to mend his fortunes, with other adventurers, young, penniless, and desperate, like himself. He had failed, and now returned to his native land and native city, feeling himself altogether an unnecessary unit in the sum of existence.

Altogether unnecessary? Well, no; perhaps there was one person who might be a little sorry if he were beaten down in the conflict. Yet even she might have changed. Three weary years had come and gone since he had gazed into those true, fond eyes, and heard those sweet lips speak their promise. What might those three years have done.

Young Hanbury crossed the market-place and approached the tall, gloomy-looking cathedral. There stood the low, long pile, to the left of the holy edifice, just as it stands to-day—only instead of being a public library devoted to the worthy citizens of Loomborough, it was Sir Hanbury Hexam's private dwelling-house, with counting-house and warehouse adjoining; for Sir Hanbury was a great merchant, or a merchant counted great in those days. He had been knighted as a reward for having made himself a handsome fortune, and was generally respected in the quiet old city of Loomborough. The young adventurer paused at the gate. There was a garden with a row of fine old elms, where there is now only the wide stone-paved yard.

It is not a pleasant thing to beard the lion in his den, and Sir Hanbury had something leonine about him. His young kinsman paused, "screwed his courage to the sticking-place," as a popular dramatist of that time would have put it, and went in under the leafless elms, across the crisp, white snow.

There sat Sir Hanbury, poring over his ledger, in a little room near the door, now the custodian's vestibule. Young Hanbury looked at him through the low mullioned window. There he was, just as in the well-known portrait, with his pointed beard, stiff ruff, and black velvet skull-cap. Young Hanbury shivered in his slashed shoon, and then turned the handle of the door—how the old iron knocker rattled!—and went in, not courageous, but desperate. Sir Hanbury looked from under his bristly iron gray brows, surveying the returned wanderer as coolly as if he had been only half an hour absent.

"You did no good yonder, I see, sirrah!" growled the merchant, returning to his ledger.

"No, sir. I have encountered great dangers and many hardships, and have done no good for myself whatever."

"Humph! and you come back like a piece of false money; and now that your pride has had a lesson, I'll warrant you'll be glad to accept my offer to provide for you—the offer I made when your foolish father cut his throat, after trying to rob me of my fortune."

"Not a word against my father, sir. If he was a mistaken man, he was, at least, an honest one, and had right and justice on his side."

"What are right and justice against centuries of possession?" exclaimed Sir Hanbury, contemptuously. "Hearken, young Hanbury; when I offered you a stool in my counting-house—which meant a good deal more than you understood by it—and a seat at my chimney-corner, you chose to refuse a fair offer, and to look upon me as the cause of your father's death. Yet, had your father been a wise man, and brought his papers to me instead of going to law, I would have given him more than the Court awarded him; yes, sirrah, I would have freely given him a younger son's portion."

"I come back to you, sir, to accept your protection, if you are still in the mind to give it," said young Hanbury, with a manly and yet humble tone. "There is no merit in my return, for I have tried my hardest to prosper without your help. Give me the lowest place in your counting-house, and let me labor for my wages. I ask no favor on the score of kindred."

"And you shall have none," said the old man, shutting his ledger with a bounce; "but you shall have some reward for being an honest man and an affectionate son, and for having tried to live without my help, and for the sake of one that loves you." The young man's heart beat its fastest at this point.

"There are several reasons for you, sirrah."

"One is more than enough, sir. 'Tis sweet for an exile to hear the word love."

"Dorothy!" called the merchant; and, lo: the door of an inner room opened—the dark, old oaken door—and a girl entered, who gave one look at the youth, and then grew white as the snow in Sir Hanbury's garden. This was Dorothy Hexam, the old knight's only child; born in late wedlock, pure and pale as Winter rose.

"Dorothy, thy cousin has come home from beyond the seas, and he is to live with us henceforward, and to work in the counting-house, and take my place by-and-by. Take him in, and give him a manchet and a tankard of October to stay his stomach till noon."

The girl gave one happy cry, and drew near her kinsman like a startled bird. The young man grasped his patron's hand, stooped his handsome head to salute that iron fist with his lips, and then put his arm around Dorothy, and led her through the grim old doorway. They went out of the counting-house together, into the homely parlor beyond, and sat down side by side in the deep recessed window, and sealed the beginning of their new life with a betrothal kiss.

CHAPTER IV.—DOROTHEA.

THE sleeper awoke with a sense of chillness. The great cathedral bell was pealing the hour. He counted the strokes drowsily. Was the clock never going to leave off striking?—nine—ten—eleven—twelve.

Midnight. He had fallen asleep in old Sir Hanbury's reading-room, and had been locked in. There was no help for it but to finish the night here. The room was dark; but through the painted window came the friendly gleam of the distant lamps.

"What a fool I must have been to fall asleep in such a place!" he said to himself; "but a man who has just come off a long sea-voyage may be excused for being a trifle sleepy."

He groped his way to the cavernous old fireplace, stumbling over a heavy chair as he went. He had a box of vestas in his pocket, and striking one of these, took a brief survey of the scene.

A big iron box half-full of coal stood on one side of the hearth, and behind it Hanbury Hexam spied some loose wood.

"Good," he said to himself. "If I can light a fire, I shan't be so badly off, after all."

He had yesterday's *Times* in his pocket, and with this, the wood, cinders and coal, built up a pile which he kindled with one of those useful vestas from his little tin box.

The old grate was still warm, and the fire burned bravely, the dry wood flaring up with a blue and yellow fire, lighting the stern countenance of the knight in his startled ruff and blue skull-cap.

Hanbury the younger looked up at his great progenitor wonderingly. His dream came back to him, link by link; such a curiously graphic dream. He had seen the quaint old Elizabethan town by that mystic dream-light, as vividly as in the light of day. He had seen himself in his antique garments; seen the stern visage of the old knight melt into kindness; and last and best of all, had seen Dorothy's fair face—so like a living face he had looked on in the hopeless agony of parting three years ago.

It would hardly be possible to imagine a lad more utterly alone in the world at fifteen years of age than this young Hexam. His mother was dead. His father had given himself up body and soul to his fatal Chancery suit. Brothers or sisters he had none. There was an aunt, a somewhat strong-minded maiden lady, Michael Hexam's sister, who cared a little for the desolate boy, wrote him an occasional letter telling him the progress of the Chancery suit, and from time to time sent him a parcel of clothing.

From his aunt, Sarah Hexam, the boy received the tidings of his father's miserable end. In the same letter—a bitter, passionate letter—she told young Hanbury how Sir Joshua Hexam had offered to provide for him.

"I do not know how you may look at the matter," she said, finally; "but I consider that man your unhappy father's murderer."

The boy wrote back indignantly to say that he would not accept a sixpence from Sir Joshua to save him from starving. Miss Hexam applauded his resolution. She had a little annuity of her own, which she was ready to share with her nephew, taking it for granted that he would be on the high road to fortune before she died. She went over to Tours, where he was at school, lived on a mere nothing during his final years of tutelage; and three years after her brother's death set out with the lad of eighteen on a voyage of adventure—she a hardy, active woman of fifty-four; he an ardent, poetic youth, full of high hopes and noble aspirations.

Very happy was the life these two led together, very moderate their desires, very simple their habits. They traveled through Switzerland and Germany, making long halts in quaint old towns, where the necessities of life were cheap. Hanbury read a good deal, sketched from nature, and wrote a little. He sent bright, lively papers to the London magazines, and thereby gained a comfortable addition to his aunt's small income. However humbly they lived—with a primitive simplicity that was almost Spartan—they always lived like a lady and gentleman, and were never mistaken for anything else.

The were at a quiet little water-drinking settlement near the Black Forest—a spring lately discovered by the German doctors, and only frequented by those who were indifferent to the attentions of fashion—when the event occurred which first introduced the element of passion into Hanbury's life.

He had wandered somewhat far afield one bright September day, with his sketch-book, when he came to an old quarry among the hills, a rough amphitheatre of stone imbedded in the craggy hill-side. Above, on the hill-top, a grove of firs stood darkly out against the clear blue sky.

On the upper edge of the quarry, about forty feet from the ground on which he stood, Hanbury Hexam saw a fluttering figure in a white gown, with a scarlet scarf, that made a patch of bright color among the greens and grays of grass and stone.

"Rather a dangerous place," he thought, "for a lady to wander; but I suppose she knows her ground."

Just at this moment he became aware of the presence of a bony female in a lank gray costume, a mushroom hat, and green spectacles, who was telegraphing wildly to the distant girl with a large bull parasol.

"Go back!" she screamed; "go back the other way; the ground isn't safe where you're standing. Go back, Dorothy!"

The ground upon which that light figure was perched certainly had an insecure look. The edge of the hill had been partly undermined by the excavations below. It was an overhanging path which might give way at any moment.

"What shall I do?" cried the lady in green spectacles, tragically. "I am sure Miss Hexam is in danger, and I don't know how to get at her up there, even if my breath would allow me to climb, which it will not."

Miss Hexam! this was rather startling for Hanbury. But there was no time to be wasted upon surprise or interrogation.

"I'll find my way up to her," he said, cheerily; and, after one brief and comprehensive survey of the scene, began the ascent.

To the admiring eyes of Miss Limber, of the green spectacles, he seemed to bound from crag to crag with the practiced grace of the chamois-hunter in "Manfred," over the little patches of sun-burnt, slippery grass, now on a bit of blue gray-stone, now on a crumbling ledge of sienna-colored clay, till with one bound he leaped upon the narrow verge, and stood beside the damsel in white.

"Allow me to lead you down by some more secure path," he said, bareheaded. "The lady below there is much alarmed for your safety, and, indeed, this is hardly a secure spot for your rambles."

"My poor, dear governess!" said the lady, smiling. "Was she really frightened? I am sure you are very kind to come after me. I climbed here easily enough, but it does seem rather difficult to go down again; and I confess that I was beginning to feel just a little uncomfortable."

How pretty she was! A fair and delicate prettiness; a pale oval face framed in dark-brown hair; soft, dark eyes; a mouth like Cupid's bow.

"I feel sure there is an easier way down behind these firs," said Hanbury, "if you will let me take you that way."

"You shall take me any way you like that is safe," she answered, easily, "and that will make poor Miss Limber happy. Look at her waving that parasol at me. I haven't the faintest idea what she means."

"She means that you are to trust yourself with me, Miss Hexam," said Hanbury.

It cost him but a slight effort to pronounce the name. Could this be Sir Joshua's only child, the great heiress of Hexam Park? Surely not. There were innumerable Hexams in Loomborough. Why should this fair girl be his enemy's daughter?

If he had rescued her charge from the roaring sea or the raging flames, Miss Limber could not have thanked the young man with more enthusiasm than she displayed. They all three walked home to Gesundheitbrunnen together, a walk of nearly four miles, during the progress of which Miss Limber, to whom there was no music sweeter than the sound of her own voice, told Hanbury all about herself and her pupil.

The young lady was Miss Hexam, daughter and

heirress of the great Sir Joshua Hexam, of whom you have doubtless heard," said Miss Limber, pompously. She was traveling in the care of her governess; "and attended only by a courier and maid," added Miss Limber, with proud humility. She had come to Gesundheitbrunnen in quest of health, the place having been specially recommended by a distinguished Loomborough physician.

"Sir Joshua would have accompanied us," said Miss Limber; "but his enormous commercial responsibilities render his prolonged absence from Loomborough impossible; and Miss Hexam's medical advisers recommend a residence of three months at the springs."

"Have you been here long?" asked Hanbury. "We came at the beginning of August, and we are to remain to the end of October."

It was now early in September. Nearly two months of bliss; thought Hanbury, if he could persuade his aunt to remain so long. Luckily, she had a fancy for swallowing inordinate quantities of mineral waters, with a vague idea that she was benefiting her constitution.

They came to Gesundheitbrunnen at last, after a four-mile walk that had seemed as nothing to Hanbury. At parting, it was incumbent upon him to tell Miss Limber his name. He had debated the advisability of giving a false name as he came along; but his frank mind revolted from the idea of deception, so he handed Miss Limber his card.

"Mr. Hexam!" she screamed. "How extraordinary!"

"I have the honor to be a namesake of your pupil's. But I believe Hexam is not an uncommon name at Loomborough."

"Yes," replied Miss Limber; "the original Hexam estate has been divided and subdivided among numerous families. Sir Joshua would not be the great man he is if he had not strengthened his position as a landed proprietor by commercial enterprise."

They parted outside the one hotel of the place, a rambling wooden building, to which a room or two had been added from time to time as the reputation of the waters increased. Miss Hexam, her governess and servants had a small annex to themselves, and were considered the most important residents at the hotel.

After this, Hanbury and Miss Hexam were continually meeting. Pedestrian exercise was an important feature in the regimen prescribed by the young lady's medical advisers, and she spent the greater part of every fine day rambling in the forest or among the hills. Miss Limber toiling on beside her, or sitting by the wayside to rest while the younger lady explored some wild romantic spot near at hand.

Hanbury was awakened awfully from that sweet dream-life by the sudden death of his good old aunt, who expired in a fit of apoplexy, brought on possibly by over-indulgence in chalybeate waters. This was a bitter blow to his affections, and it left him penniless. Miss Hexam's income died with her. He had neither trade nor profession. He had lived a careless, holiday life, and now in his two-and-twentieth year had nothing better to look to than the pen of the ready writer for maintenance in the present and fortune in the future.

And how with such prospects as these was he to aspire to the hand of Sir Joshua Hexam's daughter?

He paid Dorothea Hexam one farewell visit after his aunt's death; told her all the truth about himself, and told her that he was going into the busy, working world to seek his fortune.

"If I win in the great game of chance, you will hear of me again, Dorothea," he said. "If I lose—"

"Whether you win or lose, I hope to see you again," she said, tenderly. "But, oh, Hanbury, why not accept my father's offer? He would receive you as an adopted son; he would make your future so easy. I have often heard him speak of you, and regret his ignorance of your fate."

"He is very good, but I had rather depend upon my own right arm than on any patron in the world," answered Hanbury, proudly.

He had taken his own way, and had tried what his right arm would do for him in America and Australia, and had come back a failure; not for lack of energy, or of industry, or of talent; but fate had been against him, and he had never found a friend to give him a helping hand.

CHAPTER V.—HOW THE DREAM CAME TRUE.

THE cold Winter darkness at last, and found Hanbury Hexam still seated before the wide old hearth, immersed in thought. Long as the hours had been, they had not been too long for the struggle betwixt pride and fate. When the day dawned, Hanbury had made up his mind to apply to Sir Joshua Hexam for a stool in that commercial magnate's counting-house. Long ago common sense had taught him to acquit Sir Joshua of any blame in the matter of the fatal Chancery suit, yet pride had prevented his acceptance of the great man's help.

At nine o'clock the sub-librarian unlocked the door, and Hanbury was free. He walked straight to Sir Joshua's warehouse, a palatial building in one of the richest streets in the city of Loomborough. Very different was Sir Joshua's counting-house from the quiet little room where the dreamer had seen Sir Hanbury poring over his ledger. Sir Joshua's offices were like a bank; such shining mahogany desks; such glittering brass rails dividing the desks; such splendid stoves and glowing fires, and wonderful contrivances in the way of speaking-tubes; such well-dressed clerks, with pens behind their ears, and a general appearance of being weighed down by the cares of business.

When Hanbury asked to see Sir Joshua, the gentleman to whom he had addressed himself looked as surprised as if he had offered to send up his card to Queen Victoria.

"Have you an appointment?" he asked.

"No."

"Quite impossible, then; Sir Joshua never sees any one except by appointment."

"Be so kind as to take him my card, and ask him to favor me with an early appointment," said Hanbury.

The clerk looked at the card, and departed, wondering. Five minutes after Hanbury was closeted with Sir Joshua in a handsome apartment, Turkey-carpeted, warmed by a huge fire, provided with all the luxurious appliances that embellish the dull labor of commercial life.

On the twenty-seventh of December, after a sorely desolate Christmas, spent for the most part in the snowy streets of Loomborough, Hanbury took his seat in his kinsman's office.

"Work honestly, and you shall be honestly rewarded," the old man had said to him, not unkindly. He looked so like Sir Hanbury of the dream-picture, as he said these words.

Hanbury did work honestly and well. Those three years of hard fighting with ill fortune had sharpened wits originally bright. Before Hanbury had been a year in the office he had proved himself worth three ordinary clerks, and Sir Joshua had in vited him to dine at Hexam Park every alternate Sunday.

In the second year of the young man's clerkship there came a great commercial crisis. House after house went down as with the shock of an earthquake, and for three awful days the great firm of Hexam & Co. tottered with the fall of its allies. In that crisis Hanbury Hexam displayed an energy and a firmness which went far to right the ship. Sir Joshua was ill at the time, and thus the master-spirit of the firm was wanting when his presence seemed most needed. From that hour the young man was taken to his employer's heart, and became verily an adopted son.

Two years later he was a junior partner in the great house, and Dorothea Hexam's betrothed husband.

It was one of the dark days before Christmas that the two lovers went together to the old library at Loomborough. An important purchase of books had just been made for the institution, and Hanbury wished Dorothea to see them.

Perhaps it was only an excuse for showing his betrothed the quaint old chamber where he had dreamed that curious dream.

The scene was almost the same as on his first visit. There was the old man hugging the fire, and the compiler of prophecies fenced in with books, at his distant table. The local poet was absent.

Hanbury led Dorothea to the recess by the painted window, and they seated themselves there side by side.

"What a dear old place it is!" said Dorothea. "It's ages since I've been here."

"Yes, it's a nice old place; I have reason to be fond of it. I owe all my present happiness to a dream I had here. I had made up my mind to sail for New Zealand in the next emigrant ship, to work as a field laborer, perhaps, when I got there; and I had written you a long letter of farewell, when I fell asleep and had a curious dream about him," pointing to Sir Hanbury's portrait.

And then he told her his dream.

"Such dreams are sent by our guardian angels, Hanbury," she said, gently, "to teach us faith in God."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MAIN FEATURE of a new plan on trial in the British Navy for fastening sunken ships, is closing hermetically the hatches and all openings in the upper parts and pumping down air. The air thus introduced rises to wards the under side of the deck, and, not being able to escape, presses the water down and out through the holes made in the ship's bottom. The vessel by this means will be rendered buoyant and rise to the surface.

A REMEDY FOR NEURALGIA.—A remedy named "aqua puncture" has been introduced in France for the treatment of neuralgia. It may be described as a force pump, which can be carried about and placed on a table, with a small flexible tube about two feet long, so constructed as to deliver a thread of water from its extremity with such force as to pierce leather. In operating on a patient afflicted with neuralgia, the piston is worked a few times to expel the air from the tube; the point is then held about a half-inch from the painful spot, the pump is worked, and the thread of water plays on the skin. Presently a white vesicle appears on the spot where the water strikes; and any number of punctures may be made at the discretion of the operator, and in proportion to the extent of the pain. At first the skin around the vesicles becomes red; but after a few hours the vesicles and the redness disappear, leaving only a small black point, which is the crust formed by the drying of a drop of blood in the puncture. The operation is described as painful, but the relief it produces is so great that patients always call for a repetition whenever their neuralgic pains return.

ORGANS OF HEARING IN INSECTS.—At the last meeting of the American National Academy of Sciences, Professor A. M. Mayer exhibited experimental confirmation of the theorem of Fourier as applied by him in his propositions relating to the nature of a simple sound, and to the analysis by the ear of a composite sound into its elementary pendulum vibrations; and to show experiments elucidating the hypothesis of audition of Helmholtz. Placing a male mosquito under the microscope, and sounding various notes of tuning-forks in the range of a sound given by a female mosquito, the various fibres of the antennae of the male mosquito vibrated sympathetically to these sounds. The longest fibres vibrated sympathetically to the grave notes, and the short fibres vibrated sympathetically to the higher notes. The fact that the nocturnal insects have highly organized antennae, while the diurnal ones have not, also the fact that the anatomy of these parts of insects show a highly developed nervous organization, lead to the highly probable inference that Professor Mayer has here given facts which form the first sure basis of reasoning in reference to the nature of the auditory apparatus of insects.

AT A MEETING of the Polytechnic Society of the American Institute held recently at the Cooper Union, Mr. James McCarroll, of this city, read a paper entitled "A Brief Glance at the Snow-plow, and some of the Effects of Snow upon the Trade and Travel of this Country." In the course of his remarks Mr. McCarroll drew attention to the defects of the ordinary Snow-plow, and stated that when the snow is four or five feet deep this plow is of little or no value. He observed, also, that some twenty million dollars were lost annually to the railways of the United States and those of Canada by snow and ice obstructions; and that during the Winter of 1872-73, the Grand Trunk Railway of the neighboring New Dominion devoted \$200,000 to keeping tracks clear of these impediments; and all for the want of an efficient Snow-plow. As he proceeded with his remarks, he averred that thousands of miles of great railway lines were liable to be snowed up simultaneously every year, doing serious injury to trade and travel, and that upon proper investigation it would be found, that a majority of our railway accidents and catastrophes were traceable to the way in which rolling stock was stranded and weakened while struggling through heavy snow drifts. At the close of his lecture Mr. McCarroll was complimented by the President of the Society.

SO LONG as man remained in the savage state his influence resembled, and in some respects fell short of, that of the terrestrial animals who were his contemporaries. He felled a tree here and there, and when he had learned the use of grain, turned moorland into rude fields for culture. But his warfare lay not with the inanimate surface, but mainly with the beasts, fowls and fish on which he chiefly depended for food and clothing. With the slow development of civilization his influence as a geological agent has steadily increased, until now it must be ranked in the first class of the forces by which the surface of the land is modified. The time is yet too short during which accurate registers have been kept to admit of any very precise determination of the amount, sometimes even of the nature, of the changes effected by human action. But enough has been recorded to justify the attempt to indicate at least the general tendency of man's operations, while at the same time tolerably definite information exists regarding the results of some of his interferences with the ordinary economy of nature. In some respects man's influence is antagonistic to nature's usual modes of work; but, of course, viewed broadly, it cannot do more than alter the balance of forces, giving to some a greater and to others a less share of work than in a natural state would be accomplished by them.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SUBSCRIPTIONS of one dollar are solicited for a monument to the late Ezra Cornell, at Ithaca.

THE Bishopric of Iowa still goes begging, both Dr. Potter and Dr. Huntington having declined it.

KING KALAKAUA's income is only \$22,500 per annum. Unlike our President, he has repeatedly declined an increase.

PROF. F. V. HAYDEN will begin a survey next season of a portion of southeastern Utah, that has never been explored.

REV. THOMAS WILLIAMS is the oldest graduate of Yale College, belonging to the Class of 1800. He is now ninety-five years of age.

It is feared that an English party, headed by Sir Samuel Hayes, that left Denver in October last for a bear hunt, have been lost.

THE Empress of Russia is a sad-faced, tall, thin invalid, but she sports a red cloak of velvet lined with sable skins, and worth \$20,000.

THE first Jew who ever received honor from the Romans is Signor Alatri, a merchant of Ghetto, who has just been elected a member of the Italian Parliament.

WHILE the intellectual world is convulsed by his recent pamphlet, Gladstone sits in his study preparing a Homeric dictionary, thus refusing to be made angry.

It looks very much as if Garibaldi would take his seat in the Italian Parliament this Winter, for his son has purchased a residence for him near the Porta Pia.

A MARBLE tablet has just been erected at Galluzzo, near Florence, in memory of the late Professor Donati, the astronomer, who died about two years ago of cholera.

HERE is another chance for a boast of Bonapartism victory. The figure of the first Napoleon, selected for the top of the new Vendôme Column, is the model adopted by Napoleon III.

DENMARK is losing her great writers, curiously, in exact chronological order: Grundtvig, born 1783, died 1872; soon after died Boedcher, born 1792, and now Thiele dies, who was born in 1795.

Is residing to Eugénie, of France, and Isabella, of Spain, the English court journals omit the prefix "ex" before their former titles. The former recently passed two days and a night with the Queen.

BECAUSE Rochefort is publishing unpleasant truths in his paper at Berne, the French Ambassador has demanded his expulsion. Reply of Switzerland: "The territory of William Tell is a free country."

THE Chief Archaeologist of Rome has already laid bare the arena of the Coliseum, and is now at work upon the restoration of the basement of the Agrippa Pantheon. These were covered with thirty feet of earth and debris.

A DINNER given by the City of Turin to ex-Premier Laiza, revealed the fact that he was the only survivor of the group of Piedmontese statesmen who founded the Kingdom of Italy, the last one who died being Rattazzi.

THE palace of the Via Ghefelina, in Florence, formerly owned by Michael Angelo, is being decorated and restored, and his gallery of paintings will be opened to public inspection on the 10th of March next, the 400th anniversary of his birth.

CHARLES READE received \$1,000 from the *Tribune* for his story of Jamie Lambert as narrated under the title of "Hero and Martyr," and a similar sum from a London house. Mr. Reade has refused to take an English magazine in hand for less than £3,000 per year.

IT was supposed that Amadeo, on abdicating the Spanish Crown, would be enabled by his own countrymen. He is now, however, in the full enjoyment of his titles and possessions as an Italian Prince; but his wife has never recovered from the loss of her Queenship.

CHARLES JOSEPH BONAPARTE, a grandson of Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, of Baltimore, and grand-nephew of the First Consul of France, was admitted to practice at the bar of the Maryland Court of Appeals recently. He is said to resemble Napoleon Bonaparte more than any other member of his family.

BISMARCK found a sturdy opponent in the Reichstag in the person of Herr Georg, for many years Dr. Döllinger's amanuensis; but the Chancellor's recommendation that he should use plenty of water effected what his more sober words could not, for Georg does not bear the reputation of being as tidy as he should.

THE leader of society among the Americans in Rome is said to be Mrs. Paul Dahlgren, wife of the United States Consul in that city. Mrs. Dahlgren is a daughter of Rev. Dr. William F. Morgan, Rector of St. Thomas's Church, Fifth Avenue, and her husband is the son of the late Admiral Dahlgren, of the United States Navy.

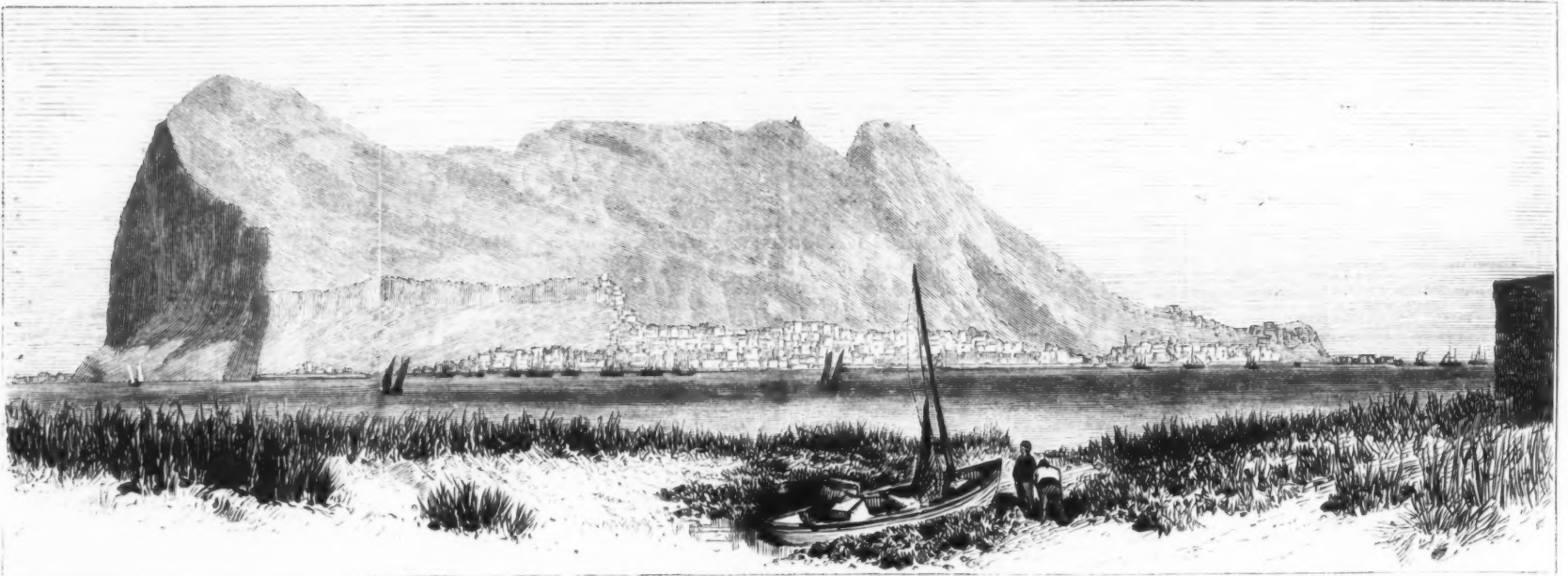
THE Empress of Germany is said to be very domestic, even dusting her own parlors. She is mortally jealous of Bismarck, who won from her husband the confidence and respect she believed to be her own. For this reason she warmly espoused the cause of Von Arnim in the late difficulty, and wouldn't cry a bit if Bismarck should be put out of the way.

In a recent letter, General Armstrong, of the Normal College for colored people at Hampton, Va., wrote as follows of the Summer Civil Rights Bill: "The Civil Rights Bill has no reformatory value or power whatever. It should pass, except as to its mixed school system; but I expect little or no benefit from it," and Amasa Parker says he hit the nail on the head.

THE Edinburgh *Scotsman* says that the present English Government is prepared, for political reasons, chiefly, to be very liberal in regard to the arrangements for the representation of Great Britain at the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876. It is not improbable that the Prince of Wales will occupy the position he did at Vienna as head of the British Commission, and the list of noblemen and gentlemen who have consented to their nomination is distinguished and large.

BARON SALZBURG, Consul-General of Austria at Copenhagen, and the Viscount Richemond Richardson, of the French Legation at the same capital, went all the way from Copenhagen to Brussels to fight a duel, but could not agree on the weapons. The Viscount's seconds proposed foils, without buttons, of course, but the German had never handled the sword. The Frenchman's friends thereupon proposed pistols, of which only one should be loaded, and should be drawn by lot, and the parties to stand within the length of a handkerchief. This was declined, and all left the ground.

THE way in which Victor Emmanuel enters the Chamber is very characteristic. He advances with a military stride a few steps upon the floor, then stops, looks around, and bows slightly to the hearty greetings which burst from all parts of the house; he then, erect and most kinglike, burly as his figure is, passes alone to the centre, again looks all around, again bows slightly, and turning, takes his place upon the Chair of State. When the King was seated, Prince Amadeus advanced with his face towards His Majesty, paused in front of him, bowed, and then took the seat upon the left, Prince Humbert at the same time seating himself upon the King's right, the whole House standing the while and applauding enthusiastically, with the exception of some half dozen Deputies of the Left, who preserved a marked and grim silence.



THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, SPAIN, AS SEEN FROM ALGECIRAS, ON THE SPANISH COAST.—SKETCHED BY FRANK S. TAUT.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

OUR illustration of this far-famed fortress is from a sketch taken near Algeciras, a town on the Spanish coast, directly opposite the Rock; the Straits being on the other side. In the foreground are three Spanish coastguardsmen; on the extreme right is their station-hut; and on the left of the Rock the "neutral ground" is just discernible. The promontory is a vast rock, consisting principally of gray limestone, rising from 1,200 to 1,400 feet above the sea-level; is about three miles in length, and three-fourths of a mile in width, and is joined to the mainland by a low, sandy isthmus, about one and a half miles in length. On the north side, fronting the isthmus, the Rock is almost perpendicular; the east and south sides are also steep and rugged; but on the west side it slopes downward to a fine bay, nine miles long by four and a half broad. On this side lies the town, containing a mixed population of 16,000, and a garrison of 4,000 troops. Thirty years' provisions are stored in its capacious warehouses.

Foreigners cannot reside on the Rock without a consul or surety becoming responsible for them, when the Governor will grant a permit for a ten days' sojourn.

Between the evening gun-fire, an hour after sunset, and the morning gun-fire, an hour before sunrise, entrance into and departure from Gibraltar is absolutely impossible.

THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE OF 1857.

THE recent capture of John D. Lee revived the details of the terrible massacre of emigrants at



THE WOMAN'S HOSPITAL, LEXINGTON AVENUE AND THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Mountain Meadows, some 350 miles south of Salt Lake City, on the 17th of September, 1857. Brigham Young was then Governor of the Territory, and as he had learned that a body of United States troops, under the command of General Harney, was crossing the plains, escorting to Utah a new Governor and other Federal officers, Brigham thought proper to issue a proclamation forbidding these troops to enter the Territory, and, being *ex-officio* commander-in-chief of the militia, he called the citizens to arms, put the Territory under martial law, and commenced preparations for a contest with the National Government. The emigrants numbered 140 men, women and children, and hailed from Arkansas and Missouri, their destination being California.

About the time they entered Mormon territory, Brigham Young and his associated "Saints" were expecting the United States troops. It is claimed that as they passed through the Mormon towns and settlements some of them very unwisely and unnecessarily boasted that they had driven out the Mormons from Missouri, and that they had also taken part in the murder of "Joe Smith" in Illinois. It is charged by the Mormons that the emigrants poisoned a spring by the wayside; that cattle drank the water and died; that Indians ate the carcasses of the animals and also died; and that was the cause of the commencement of active hostilities against the emigrants.

As the emigrants were leaving the Mormon settlements to travel westward, it was then that the Indians, according to Mormon statements, resolved on their deadly work. Both companies from Missouri and Arkansas were then traveling together for safety, and they camped together about the 17th of

September at a spring in Mountain Meadows. Here, the Mormons say, the Indians began their attack, alone and unaided. The emigrants immediately fortified themselves by throwing up earth around their wagon-wheels and showing a determination to fight it out. The emigrants knew not their position. They were strangers, they were ignorant of the country or the people, and they could only fight. For several days they fought bravely, but they had no water within their camp. Some brave men had dared to go to the spring outside of their wagon circle, and had been shot down. Two little girls had been sent for water, but the inhuman butchers would not respect their innocence, and they fell in death. It was clear to the emigrants that they were doomed.

At length, after a four days' siege, a wagon was seen advancing towards the besieged, over which was floating a flag of truce borne by white men. The chief man in that wagon was John D. Lee, a major of a regiment of militia, an Indian agent under Brigham Young and an elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He persuaded the emigrants to give up their arms and to go to the nearest settlement for safety, and they agreed to the proposition. The women and children went

together without escort in advance of the men; the latter were guarded by the Mormon militia. When about a mile and a half from camp the signal was given by Lee, and in an instant the Mormons shot down the men, and the Indians slaughtered the women and children—all but seventeen children of tender age.

Lee was captured about the 1st of November, 1874, and lodged in the jail at Beaver, Utah. He has been indicted, and his trial is set down for an early day in January, 1875. His forehead is low and receding; no top-head at all, such as a good, conscientious man is supposed to have; wide between the ears, with an overbalancing weight in the cerebellum. His physique is first-class, not large, but



MISS SUSANNAH EVANS, TEMPERANCE LECTURER. PHOTO. BY SARONY.

muscular and powerful, affording perfect health at the age of sixty-two. His life, aside from the terrible massacre of which he was undoubtedly the leader and commander, is one of strange interest, and outside of the Mormon Church has no parallel in America. His polygamic career was crowned with eighteen wives and sixty-two children, fifty of whom are still living. Two of the wives were sealed to him by the Prophet Brigham since the massacre. He expresses himself anxious to tell what he knows about the massacre, and to expose the responsible parties. In his own words, he wants the saddle put on the right horse; that he has worn it wrongfully for seventeen years.



J. D. LEE, LEADER IN THE MORMON MASSACRE OF 140 GENTILE EMIGRANTS, AT MOUNTAIN MEADOWS, UTAH, IN 1857.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. K. SUTTERLY.



THE TRAINING SCHOOL-SHIP "ST. MARY'S," NEW YORK HARBOR.—SEE PAGE 295.

HON. S. B. CHITTENDEN, M.C.

HON. S. B. CHITTENDEN was born in Guilford, Conn., in 1814. His father died two years later, leaving his mother possessed of a number of cattle and sheep on several hills, and \$1,000 in cash—an estate amounting to about \$8,000. She was known as the "rich widow" of the place. Her boys were schooled at the village academy, which held only Winter sessions. At the age of twelve the subject of this sketch began to prepare for Yale College; but his health failing, he went when fifteen into a retail drygoods store in New Haven, having never up to that time traveled twenty miles from the homestead which had been in the possession of his family for seven generations. When he left home to seek his fortune he was decked in a light blue woolen suit, every thread of which his mother had spun from the product of her farm. After four years of hard knocks, the little errand-boy changed his place, and in his twenty-first year he started in trade for himself, in company with his brother, Henry A. Chittenden, then eighteen years old. The ambition of this young firm was to make \$300 profits the first year. They made \$2,109.

In the course of his early business experience Mr. Chittenden was subjected to some slur or piece of extortion by the directors of a certain bank in New Haven. He bided his time, and a few months after he employed three clerks in continual rotation to present its bills to this bank for redemption, one at a time. The directors resented the annoyance, and refused to redeem their bills. He then presented a large quantity of bills, and demanded their payment in coin, which the bank saw fit to refuse. Mr. Chittenden sent out a circular by all the stages stating the facts. The alarmed directors at once "resumed," and the President spent two weeks at his counter making explanations to stockholders and noteholders. The "run" was maintained, and this bank had to apply to other banks for coin. The young drygoods merchants instituted a run upon the other banks, and brought them to terms. Finally the offending directors made acceptable apologies, and a truce was put to "Chittenden's war on the banks." This demonstration of energy and of mental resources established Mr. Chittenden's commercial reputation, and gave him perhaps a more formidable name than he either wished or deserved.

Mr. Chittenden moved to New York City in 1843, with a capital of \$17,000, where he was afterwards joined by his brother. The firm of Chittenden, Bliss & Co. was succeeded by that of S. B. Chittenden & Co., in 1856. In 1857, when the banks all broke, and credit was gone, Mr. Chittenden startled his friends by advertising \$400,000 worth of goods for sale at auction. He sold goods enough at auction for his immediate requirements, and made an impression on the public which brought him cash customers for the rest of the season.

He was one of the first among New York merchants to declare independence of the political dictation of Southern customers, and to take up his cross as "a Lincoln man." His house was in consequence put upon the "black list," and lost so much of its trade with the South as to leave it in good shape for the general repudiation of Southern debts which followed Mr. Lincoln's first election.

Mr. Chittenden's success in business has been steady and legitimate. His house has been more remarkable for its activity and soundness than for the magnitude of its transactions. In the course of the long business career which he is now about closing, we believe he was never in a position to lean on any one, or to ask favors of his creditors.

Mr. S. B. Chittenden's public spirit is well-known to his fellow-townsmen in this city and in Brooklyn. He takes a commendable interest in public affairs. He rendered material service, with his voice as well as with his purse, towards the prosecution of the war. He has always been a Republican, and has supported President Grant in his best intentions and measures. Mr. Chittenden was put forward by



HON. SIMEON B. CHITTENDEN, M.C. FROM NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY & SON.

the better class of Republicans in Brooklyn against the regular Republican candidate, and was elected to represent the Third District in Congress by the aid of Democratic votes.

Mr. Chittenden's private hospitalities and benefactions are on a scale according to his fortune. In point of character, manners, purposes, and the main elements of real culture, there is no doubt but that he will honor the community which has made him its representative by a coincidence of the better instincts of both parties—a community which faithfully reflects the social and the commercial inspirations of the metropolis.

MISS SUSANNAH EVANS.

SUSANNAH EVANS was born in Aberdare, South Wales. Her father kept a public drink-

ing-house, and from her earliest years she suffered with her family in consequence of his intemperance. At the age of eleven she commenced making efforts to reclaim her father and to induce him to change his business. In this she finally succeeded, and was so overjoyed with her success, that she determined to make the fact known at a public temperance meeting—which she did in a little speech of about five minutes' duration, she being at the time only twelve years of age. This talk was so impressive, in its simple but earnest truthfulness, that three hundred persons followed her father's example and signed the pledge of temperance at the close of the meeting. She was then invited to numerous neighboring places to repeat her artless story, and always with similar results. In the meantime these facts reached the columns of the newspapers, and invitations came from larger places. In course of time she extended and amplified her

efforts to reclaim the intemperate, and, in company with her father, visited London, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and other places where she had been invited to lecture, throughout England, Ireland and Wales. Subsequently they came to this country at the solicitation of some of the leading temperance men, and for some three years Miss Evans occupied a leading position on the lecture platform in the United States. After some years of retirement, she appeared before the public again last Summer with renewed energy, enlarged experience, and a mind stored and cultured by study. Her lectures are not all on the subject of temperance now, but embrace all the social and moral topics of the day.

THE WOMAN'S HOSPITAL.

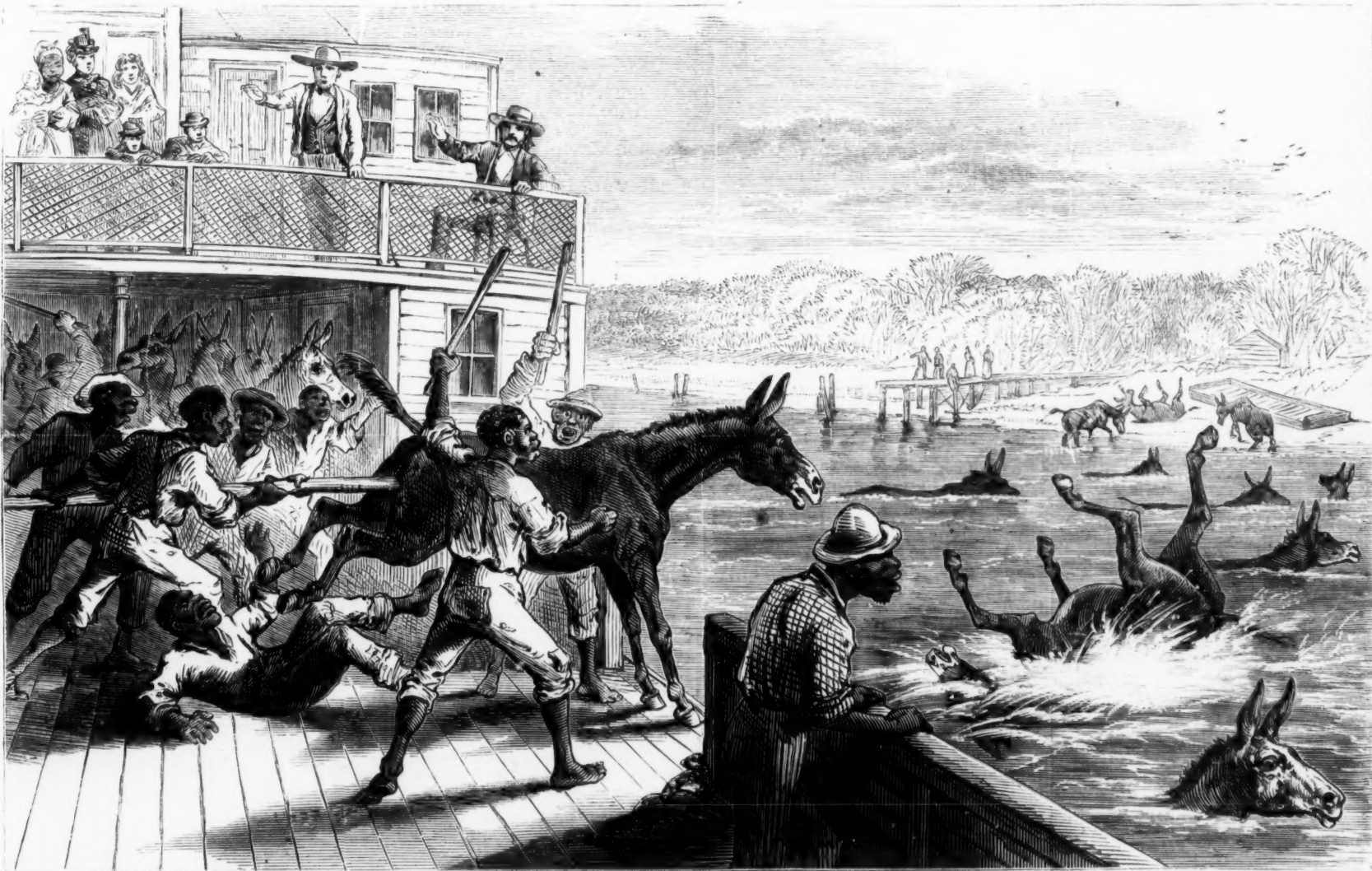
THE New York Hospital for Women is situated at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street. It was in active operation for six or seven years at the corner of Second Avenue and Twelfth Street. The present location was lately secured, owing to the need of increased accommodations. The change has involved the institution in a debt of about \$90,000, of which it is hoped it will soon be relieved through the liberality of our charitable citizens. It is the only general hospital for women in the city, and the only one where they can have homeopathic treatment. But a small proportion of those who are treated in its wards pay anything into its treasury. Board, medical and surgical attendance, and clothing, have been freely given to the rest. The officers of the Association are: President, Mrs. Parke Godwin; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Jonathan Sturges, Mrs. Wm. M. Kingsland, Mrs. Horace F. Clark, Mrs. Salem H. Wales, Mrs. Josiah M. Fiske; Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. L. Andrews; Secretary, Mrs. W. A. Ogden Hegeman.

DISCHARGING FREIGHT ON THE BIG MUD RIVER, FLORIDA.

DECK-HANDS, as shown at work in the engraving, may be very expert in unloading a cargo of live stock, but one would hardly trust them to move pianos, crockery, glassware, or other fragile property. The upper portions of Florida and lower portion of Georgia are very flat and marshy, and the watercourses are really creeks permitting but limited navigation. The boats are flat-bottomed, and draw but little water; still they are generally unable to approach nearer the shore than is indicated in the sketch. In such cases live stock is pushed overboard, and more perishable articles are discharged by means of skiffs. Thus a continual commercial traffic is kept up between Savannah and the inland villages scattered all along the route to St. Augustine and Fernandina, Fla. The longshoremen of the North imitate the peculiar working calls of sailors; but those at the South have an entirely different *patois*. It is nip and tuck between the live freight and the crew in the matter of noise, and it would be difficult to determine which party is the most frightened. A true darkey has much respect for the hind heels of a mule, and the singular curves the dumb acrobat is capable of describing with them while poised on the forward feet can only be fully admired at a distance. As pretty close contact is required in the discharge, the scene furnishes infinite amusement to a Northerner, and, we doubt not, those to the manor born.

TALMAGE'S VESTIBULE.

MR. TALMAGE, in his recent attack on theatres and actors, said that "the theatre is the vestibule of hell." Actors and singers, as true ladies and gentlemen as breathe, have denied his sweeping assertions, and inquired whether there was any more harm in listening to the cornet solos of Arbuckle in a theatre than in his own Tabernacle at each of the



FLORIDA.—DISCHARGING FREIGHT ON THE BIG MUD RIVER.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.

Sunday services. The anathemas of the reverend gentleman have reached San Francisco, and the Rev. Mr. Jams, of the Green Street Congregational Church, has taken the part of the actors. He considers that if a person tells you that to see Forrest as *Richieu*, or Booth as *Hamlet*, or Jefferson as *Rip Van Winkle*, is bad, the assertion is without reason, and the logic is vain and empty, and cannot be understood; and that there are dances as solemn as a funeral march, and as harmless as the gestures of an infant, and there are dances as wild as a drunken orgy, and as debasing. He inquires with much vim, is it worse to hear a reader like Fanny Kemble give selections from "Macbeth" at a *matinee* than to hear several readers give the whole play on the stage of a theatre after the sun is down? How is an opera worse than a concert where operatic selections are rendered? The assertion is boldly made that the theatre is not necessarily an immoral institution. To write such a drama, for example, as "King Lear" is no offense against morality: to read it, therefore, cannot be wrong. To hear it read or recited by several persons, each representing a character, serves to give us a fuller understanding of the real grandeur of this wonderful production, aids the imagination, and lends interest to the thoughts of the first of modern dramatists. After giving pretty hard hits at the cant of the day, he concludes that the stage affords innocent amusement, and that Church members may enjoy it.

A BOSTON GIRL.

(Paris Letter to St. Louis Globe.)

THE difference in conventionality and custom with different people is excellently illustrated by a recent occurrence, which might have been a tragedy had it not turned out a comedy. A French artist, who had made the acquaintance of a Bostonian, was invited—and so was she—to a party at the house of an American family, resident in the Avenue de l'Impératrice. On the evening of the party, having an engagement to dine at the Hotel Splendide, with some friends—the young lady was staying at the same house—he went there in full dress to save the trouble of dressing again. After dinner he happened to encounter the female Hubbert in the drawing-room, when the conversation turned upon the party. He told her he was going from the hotel—that his carriage would call for him at nine o'clock.

She inquired if he were going alone, and he replied in the affirmative.

"Oh, well, then," she remarked, "I'll accompany you, if you have no objection. Brother and his wife can come by themselves. I want to ask you something about some pictures I have just seen in the Academie des Beaux Arts, and that will be my opportunity."

He appeared surprised, but said he would be delighted to have her share his culture.

They got off at the appointed hour. They had ridden but a few blocks when the artist, seated by her side, threw his arms about her, declared he loved her, and kissed her several times before she could resist.

She was much startled and alarmed, and jumped away from him with such virtuous wrath in her face—visible as they moved by the gas-lamps—and such scorn on her lips, that he perceived he had blundered. He begged ten thousand pardons, and when she was about to stop the carriage, and get out, he urged her to remain, protesting that she need have no fear of further molestation.

Arrived at their destination, she was, as may be inferred, in no mood to take part in the entertainment. She sought her brother, and returned home under his protection, telling him on the way all that had taken place. He was furious, of course, but repressed his anger until the next morning, when he proceeded at once to the studio of the artist, armed with a heavy cane—and a revolver, I suppose—to obtain redress for the deadly insult to his sister.

The upshot was that the Frenchman himself apologized, admitting that he had made the mistake from his ignorance of American customs.

"I assure you," he continued, "that if any Frenchwoman had offered to accompany me without any other friend in my carriage, she would have expected to be approached—indeed, if she had not been, she would have been disappointed, and regarded me as a great fool. I am willing to have the question left to any men of the world of my nationality. If I am not fully borne out, I shall feel bound to give you satisfaction."

The artist spoke the literal truth, as the enraged brother found out.

The gallant tendered his apologies again in person to the young lady, and was so much impressed by her good sense, intellect and culture as he had been before by her grace and beauty, that the rumor of the splendide is that they are now engaged. She will prove a delightful companion beyond question. She seems to be much his superior.

I imagine the matrimonial report has some foundation, for she has considerable money in prospect, being an only daughter of a State Street bank president; and the artist is comfortable, but nothing more.

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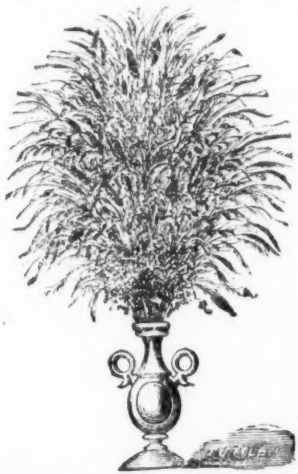
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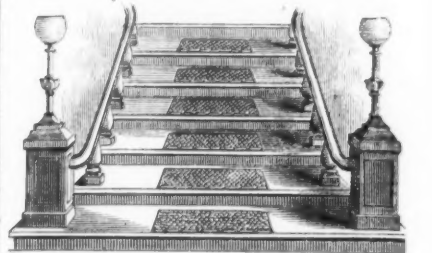
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